

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President has got back to Washington. The rejoicings with which the Parisians greeted the recovery and reappearance in the capital of "Louis the Well-beloved" are recorded in history as a very remarkable display of popular enthusiasm. But we venture to say that, loud as they were, they did not express feelings of relief and satisfaction half as intense as those excited in the breasts of the American people by the return of Andrew Johnson, safe and sound, to the White House last week. We have no poet and no organ or choir capable of doing full justice to the popular delight over this auspicious event. We trust that Mr. Johnson will now treat himself to a long period of silence and repose. He owes it both to himself and the country.

THE New York Convention threw General Dix overboard, and nominated Mr. Hoffman, a step which, in spite of the heavy majority they are sure of in the city, owing to the excise law, will probably ensure their defeat at the polls. They will, probably, generally lose the Irish vote in the State, owing to Mr. Johnson's dealings with the Fenians, which, however, reflected infinite credit on him. And we are sorry to say his opponents, so far from praising him for this vindication of the law at the expense of his popularity, are using it against him all over the country, and cajoling the Fenians with promises of impunity in their next raid, which reflect about equal discredit on the American name whether they are intended to be kept or not.

THE Johnson mass meeting in this city on Monday evening was a very large, but not a particularly enthusiastic, demonstration, the *Times* reporter to the contrary notwithstanding. The Maine election evidently sat heavy on the souls of all the speakers. And the speakers, with the exception of Mr. Raymond, were mostly the old Copperhead veterans, who repeated, with some variations, the old speeches they delivered in 1864. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, we regret to say, was absent, but Mr. Samuel J. Tilden did the "constitutional" part of the proceedings in his stead. He said no man could understand the Constitution who was not familiar with the writings of Madison. The peculiarities of Mr. Johnson's oratory he ascribed to "an irresistible impulse to give his fellow-citizens his convictions on the great questions which he thinks involve the peace and harmony of the country." Mr.

Tilden, as the priest said of Sydney Smith, "has such a way of putting things!" Governor Parsons, of Alabama, also spoke, and met the popular clamor at the North about the want of free speech at the South by a declaration which ought to satisfy all candid minds. "I hear it said," he remarked, "that there is no liberty of speech down there. I will guarantee if the President will visit us he can have a hearing."

CLEVELAND seems to have given the military Johnson convention even a colder reception than Philadelphia gave its greater prototype, the convention of the 14th of August. There is no reason why the city should be particularly enthusiastic. No distinguished names are on the roll of delegates. The prominent men are General Custer, General Steedman, and General Gordon Granger. The convention contains many men—most of them, we dare say, brave men—who look on General McClellan as the ablest and worst used commander of our day; many men who "didn't go into this war to free the nigger;" many who "always found the Southerners they met to be perfect gentlemen;" some extremely respectable men, like the aged General Wool—the oldest major-general in the world, he is said to be—whose opinions upon the issues of the day are not entitled to great weight; and very many men who, to tell the plain truth, are shameless and unprincipled office-hunters, and bad specimens of our worst class of politicians—men whom politics took into the army and kept in the army, and who now seek to trade on their uniform. The convention has given the country an address, and will now go into total eclipse behind the convention which is to meet at Pittsburg on the 25th of the month.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, in a fair and temperate spirit, to ask us why we do not, in our criticisms on Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens, and others, make the same allowances for them, in consideration of their past services, as we ask the *Tribune* to make for Mr. Beecher? We answer, that we do make these very allowances. No word has ever appeared in this journal throwing doubts on the sincerity, honesty, patriotism, or sympathy with freedom of either of these gentlemen. Were we to pursue from our starting-point the same line of argument towards them which the *Tribune* and Boston *Commonwealth* pursue towards Mr. Beecher, we should arrive at the most shocking conclusions with regard to their manners and morals. Our correspondent says he found nothing "coarse or brutal" in the *Tribune's* attack on Mr. Beecher. Very likely not. People's ideas of coarseness and brutality differ. There was a time when good and wise men saw nothing brutal or barbarous in cutting up traitors into four quarters, and sticking the quarters on gate-posts and ends of poles. There are good and wise men who see nothing brutal in strangling men and women in public, before hooting mobs; but these times and notions are, thank God, past or passing away. There are plenty of men in the South who see nothing coarse or brutal in the filthy billingsgate poured out on Parson Brownlow in the *Louisville Journal* by Prentice, and who were not in the least shocked when the *Mobile Tribune* proposed to have Dostie's body boiled down for soap for Yankee "school-marms" to wash their faces with. So, also, there are plenty of very good people at the North who are not outraged by Mr. Greeley's habit of calling people who differ from him in politics "old villains," "scoundrels," "knaves," "liars," "renegades," "traitors." But we hope to see the number of these people diminish every week, and to see the day when all will wonder that the foremost journal in America should have ever used such weapons. If calling attention to his vituperation diminishes in any way the credit accruing to Mr. Greeley for his long and arduous labors in the anti-slavery cause, the fault is his, not ours. Our object really is

to increase his usefulness, by bringing the force of public opinion to bear in favor of an improvement in his manner of discussion.

THE same correspondent thinks it almost "sinful" in us to criticise men like Greeley, Stevens, Sumner, and Phillips, who are laboring in a good cause. We have, probably, as great a horror of "sin" as he has, but we shall, nevertheless, continue to criticise the public acts and public language of every man in America whenever we see fit. We shall do so not from any love of fault-finding, but because we believe it is only by the incessant criticism of the whole community that public men can be kept up to their work or the breed improved; and because we believe it is by the constant utterance and collision of the opinions of all, and not by the speeches of Mr. This or Mr. That, that just and true political ideas are formed or put into force. It is, in short, the habit of criticism, and not the habit of silence, which makes and keeps nations free and great. In despotic countries, all public men are shielded from all fault-finding; in this country, none are, nor ought to be. If it be sinning to speak our mind when we see anything to condemn in the conduct and language of "great leaders," we shall go on sinning to the end; but our correspondent will have the consolation of feeling that proper retribution will be dealt out to us hereafter.

THE President's speech at St. Louis has rarely been equalled in its way, although Mr. S. Parker Coon did say at Milwaukee that "only one person—and he God—had been tempted as Mr. Johnson was, and resisted"—a reference to the vain offer of Congress to clothe the President with more than kingly powers by means of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. At Cincinnati, General Grant refused a separate reception tendered him by former soldiers, and significantly said: "I am no politician. The President of the United States is my commander-in-chief." A perfectly correct inference drawn from this speech, and from that of Farragut in this city, would probably not be the same which Mr. Seward has laboriously drawn from the presence of those officers with the Presidential party. Inferences, however, are unnecessary, as Grant has since stated that during the excursion and previously, when he was present at the meeting between the President and the Philadelphia Convention committee, he was acting under orders from his superior. The behavior of the general has throughout been prudent and delicate, honorable to himself and respectful to the President. He went electioneering because he had to go. On the 15th Mr. Johnson reached Washington, and was received by Mayor Wallach. If any one has been disposed to commiserate him for some of the mortifying scenes through which he has been compelled to pass, they have wasted pity. The President assured the mayor "that through that tour the demonstrations and manifestations of the popular heart were unmistakable," and entirely favorable to his policy. There is nothing to be said to this. As to the journey in general, we remark with the *Herald* correspondent: "The trip was a remarkable one in its very inception, and has proved the event of the season, if not of the age."

RISTORI has arrived, and one of the reporters in chronicling her arrival gave an amusing account of her astonishment at the sight of Broadway and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which, we are sorry to say, we believe was conceived and composed by the reporter himself. Ristori can hardly have supposed that a people civilized enough to want to hear her lived in wigwams, and unless she came over with that idea, there is nothing in the aspect of Broadway to overwhelm her with admiration. It must not be forgotten, also, that she comes straight from Paris, which is now quite thickly settled and has several streets and hotels which will compare quite favorably with our own. There are, in fact, several clearings in the neighborhood of the Tuileries which show the French to have made considerable progress in city architecture. The demand for tickets is enormous. But to most of the audience, after the first night or two, the entertainment will lie in her tones and gestures, as she knows no English, and the familiarity of the New York public with French and Italian is not great. Tones and gestures will, however, furnish a treat even to those who cannot understand what she says, but anybody who judges her by Rachel's standard will be disappointed.

THE *World* accuses us of having done Mr. Tilden injustice in ascribing certain opinions to him, in the last number of THE NATION, on the subject of the war and slavery. If so, we are sorry for it; but we are not yet satisfied that we are wrong. Mr. Tilden was, we believe, a prominent member of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Information" which the Democratic leaders organized in this city in 1863. It published certain pamphlets for the information of the Republicans, the first of which, if we remember rightly, was Bishop Hopkins's luminous and exhaustive treatise on slavery, showing the divine origin of that institution, and justifying the practice of flogging negroes by the scourging of the money-changers by Christ in the temple. The bishop was followed by Mr. Morse in a powerful disquisition of the same nature, and we think it not unfair to conclude that Mr. Tilden concurred in the opinions set forth in these remarkable and too little known theses. We should be sorry to press him or any of his fellow-laborers now touching the estimation in which they held Mr. Lincoln in 1863-4. The slightest intimation that allusions to this subject are unpleasant, is sufficient to ensure our silence. We are thankful to say we know what delicacy means.

THE *New York Times* pronounces the State Convention which nominated Mr. Hoffman for the governorship of this State, and which was called with the view of supporting the principles enunciated by the Philadelphia Convention, to have been in reality a Democratic convention, and doubts whether many Republicans will be induced to vote its ticket. Mr. Weed was, we believe, one of its leading spirits, and his precise position under the present aspect of affairs would furnish as curious a subject of enquiry as the exact locality of the magnetic pole. He appears to have got into a region somewhat resembling the Elysium of the ancients—a kind of bare, joyless pasture, where old warriors trot up and down in battered armor, with nothing particular to do and nobody to speak to, and scantily provided with clothing.

It has been suggested to us that we ought, in our recent notice of the "Two Wheatons," to have dwelt on the improbability thrown over Mr. Lawrence's charges against Mr. Dana, by Mr. Dana's character as a gentleman and lawyer. It was, however, quite unnecessary for us to present this consideration to the audience which THE NATION addresses. Our sole object in the article referred to was to show what amount of color, if any, for his statements Mr. Lawrence could produce in the book itself if he went before a court, because, of course, many people supposed that he must have some sort of foundation for his charges. In fact, it was the probability of its forming the subject of a lawsuit that gave the matter any literary interest whatever. As a mere attack by Mr. Lawrence on Mr. Dana's character, we should never have thought of noticing it. Whether Mr. Lawrence really means to go into court we have no means of knowing.

THE condition of Border State politics grows worse rather than better. At Platte City, Missouri, on the 15th inst., in a fight between what the telegraph styles "rebels" and some members of a "radical" convention, four or five men were killed and a dozen or more wounded, and the Union men driven from the town, which was held and regularly picketed by their assailants. The firmest, most prudent, and most harmonious management by the Federal and State authorities in Missouri will be absolutely necessary to prevent serious trouble at the November elections; but this is to be hoped for rather than confidently expected. Of firmness there will be no lack—at least on Governor Fletcher's part; but what General Hancock's orders may be—upon which side the Federal forces will be ranged in case of conflict—seems to be not certainly known. In Maryland, angry feeling runs high, but as yet blood has not been spilled. The best-informed Unionists concede that the Johnson men will probably carry the State. It will be easy for eight or nine thousand persons now legally disfranchised to technically qualify themselves for voting this fall, Governor Swann's registrars, in the exercise of their discretionary power, having the matter very much in their own hands, and Governor Swann—or he is belied—having been careful to appoint registrars who will judiciously sympathize with a sufficient number of the disfranchised to overcome the small Union majority. It is a wonder that Maryland, when everybody knew that, by means of Governor Swann's too kind registrars, she was already lost to the Union party, could succeed

in forcing her wishes in relation to negro suffrage upon the Southern Loyalists' Convention, upon the plea that proclaiming impartial suffrage would give that State to the Johnson party. In Tennessee, for the moment, affairs are quiet. In Louisiana they have peace of a certain sort between the two parties.

THE activity of the Fenians causes the continued despatch of troops from England to Canada, and continued arming and drilling in Canada, where the excitement has reached such a pitch that the *Montreal Herald*, usually a sensible paper, proposes to declare war on the United States. This would be such an odd way of securing deliverance from invasion that we are driven to the conclusion that the brains of some of the Canadians are becoming addled by the drilling and exposure. The Fenian proceedings are now all shrouded in profound secrecy—no meetings, and no oratory. The next blow is to be terrible and decisive, and we need hardly say will change the face of the world by the destruction of the British Empire. Nevertheless, a good caricaturist either with pen or pencil could, by attending the "Congress" at Troy a few weeks ago, have collected materials for an immortal work. The sight of Fenian generals and statesmen struggling between a desire to display their rank and honors and a desire to avoid publicity would be a god-send to any real humorist.

FOUR despatches by the Cable on Monday from Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Dresden breathed instant and almost inevitable war—a renewal of hostilities between Prussia and Austria, on the pretext that the latter was playing false in the settlement with Italy. The next day a telegram from Florence simply spoke of a "difficulty" in the way of signing the Austro-Italian treaty, in consequence of the former power's interpretation of the treaty of Prague. Since then we have had nothing more on the subject, and no corroborative signs in the money market or elsewhere. The improbability of further fighting is too great for ready belief in reports to the contrary. We must be prepared to be deceived occasionally by the Cable as we are by the overland telegraph, for truth, though it lie at the bottom of a well, may not always be found at the bottom of the ocean.

EVERYBODY asks, and nobody can tell, why M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned his office for the third time—once under the Republic and twice under the Empire. The only foreign complications about which it is supposed that Napoleon and he may be at variance—not necessarily in principle, but as questions of national policy—are the crises in Germany and in Italy. Some pretend that the ex-minister is of bellicose disposition towards Prussia; others, that the imminent peril of the Papacy, owing to the execution of the September convention, to which he was himself a party, has impelled him to withdraw from political life. Between the Rhine and the Tiber there is thus ample room for inference. The latter explanation seems to us not so good as the former. The acquisitions of the late war have made scarcely any difference in the relation of the new kingdom of Italy to the temporal power of the Pope, and it is little more than an accident that the liberation of Venice precedes that of Rome; or, if the humiliation of Austria is claimed by Napoleon as a continuation of his policy in 1859, interrupted by the peace of Villafranca, his government has suffered no disgrace south of the Alps. On the other hand, he appears to have helped Prussia to a supremacy he as little anticipated as desired, and his almost childish demand for compensation Rhinewards had to be withdrawn as soon as uttered. It is this blundering for which M. Drouyn de Lhuys may assume part of the blame, or he may even be the sacrifice of a hypocritical despot to the appearance of ministerial responsibility in a free country.

THE opponents of the metric system abroad urge frequently an objection which is not so familiar on this side of the water. They quote the adverse opinion of Napoleon I. The opposition, a Bernese wit has replied, which Bonaparte set up between the subdivision by halves and by quarters and the decimal system is in contradiction of himself, for no one was less fond than he of *half-measures*, and no one *decimated* so much (*autant*).

THE FREEDMEN.

FROM the semi-annual report (July, 1866) of the schools and finances of the freedmen, by Rev. J. W. Alvord, Inspector, we extract the following table:

| States. | Schools. | Teachers. | Scholars. |
|---------------------------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| Virginia..... | 123 | 200 | 11,784 |
| North Carolina..... | 119 | 135 | 9,084 |
| South Carolina..... | 75 | 148 | 9,017 |
| Georgia..... | 79 | 113 | 7,792 |
| Florida..... | 38 | 51 | 2,663 |
| Alabama..... | 8* | 31 | 3,338 |
| Mississippi..... | 50 | 80 | 5,407 |
| Louisiana..... | 73 | 90 | 3,380 |
| Texas..... | 90 | 43 | 4,500 |
| Arkansas..... | 30 | 28 | 1,584 |
| Kansas..... | 15 | 24 | 1,500 |
| Missouri..... | 38 | 46 | 2,098 |
| Kentucky..... | 35 | 58 | 4,122 |
| Tennessee..... | 42 | 125 | 9,114 |
| Maryland..... | 86 | 101 | 8,144 |
| District of Columbia..... | 74 | 132 | 6,552 |
| Total..... | 975 | 1,405 | 90,778 |

* School Districts.

In these figures are embraced only the schools regularly established and duly reported. In every State there are numbers of private schools of all descriptions, spontaneous and self-sustaining, of which it is difficult to obtain statistics. It is estimated that 150,000 freedmen and their children were scholars on the 1st of July, against 125,000 on the 1st of January. There is observable everywhere increased interest in these schools on the part of the better class of the white population; but outrages are still common among the ignorant and degraded, especially in Georgia, Mississippi, and, as is well known, in Tennessee. Religious conventions in Virginia have acknowledged the duty of educating the blacks. In North Carolina titles to real estate for school-houses have been obtained in several instances, and efforts are making by the colored people of South Carolina to increase the number of those already held by them, and improved chiefly at their own expense. Fifty of the regular teachers in the latter State are colored, as are most of the teachers of day schools in Florida and in Kentucky; at Wetumpka, Alabama, is a colored teacher of whom particular mention is made. The cost of tuition is paid by the freedmen to a greater or less extent—in Texas altogether. Florida is the only Southern State which has provided by law for the education of the blacks, who are taxed for the necessary funds to establish schools in every county in the State, and to pay the salaries of a superintendent and assistants. The condition of schools in Louisiana is thoroughly disorganized, owing to the suspension of the school-tax levied by Gen. Banks. Kentucky has received least assistance from benevolent associations. The instruction of colored children was not tolerated till after the formal abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment. The only statement of the cost of schools is furnished by South Carolina, being based on the expenses of seventy-five schools whose teachers were supported mainly by Northern associations. These were, in the gross, \$72,000; or about \$8 for each pupil, and about \$40 monthly for every teacher. Mr. Alvord suggests that industrial and normal schools be established, with reform schools at a number of central points; that desks be provided to enable writing and drawing to be taught; and that there be uniformity in the blank reports for superintendents.

—Pursuant to a call of twenty-six ministers and fifty-two laymen of the M. E. Church of Maryland, a meeting was held in the Light Street M. E. Church in Baltimore, on Monday evening last, to denounce the wanton assault on the camp meeting at Shipley's Woods. Testimony was read fixing the responsibility of the outrage entirely upon the whites, and resolutions were unanimously adopted invoking the condemnation of all Christian people, declaring the recent brutal violence to have been instigated by intense hatred to the M. E. Church, and aimed alike at white and colored worshippers; condemning the burning of freedmen's school-houses and the maltreatment of teachers; and asserting the duty of the M. E. Church to aid the civil authorities in arresting, trying, and punishing the late rioters, and to secure their victims, many of whom are in jail in Anne Arundel County, a fair and impartial trial.

Notes.

LITERARY.

STUDENTS and teachers alike may be thankful that Prof. Guyot's long promised and long expected series of geographies have begun to appear. The four series of wall maps, which had been previously published, were well executed and well calculated for the purpose of teaching, and the two manuals which are now issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. are equally well adapted to this end. The books just issued are a "Primary Geography" and a "Common School Geography." The first is intended to give a general idea of the nature of the earth's surface as seen in a series of journeys, the meaning of geographical terms, and the manner of representing the earth's surface by maps, and is perfectly intelligible to small children. The second is an introduction to the study of the maps, together with all the useful matter that is contained in the ordinary text-books of that grade, rejecting all the minor and unimportant details that only serve to obscure the recollection of important facts. The careful study of the maps is the basis of Prof. Guyot's system. The learner is taught how to draw the maps of the continents: first, by learning how to draw in its proper proportions the fundamental form of the continent, then to draw it with more attention to details, finally to fill up the exact outline, and mark the courses of the rivers and mountains. The shape of the continents and their physical features become in this way so impressed upon the memory as never to be forgotten. Having learned the general physical features of the country, the proportion of highland and lowland, the courses of mountain ranges, and the distribution of the internal waters, the student next studies the climates of its various regions, and the causes producing them, and then the vegetation and animals of the continent. Having learned this, he becomes acquainted with the races of man, their civilizations, and the resources for supplying their wants. He is then ready to return to the map, and is able at once to understand the condition and progress of the various countries. This method is very different from that usually employed in presenting this study to the young; but the system is so carefully elaborated in Prof. Guyot's books, and its excellences are so plain, that, if faithfully taught, it cannot help meeting with extraordinary success.

—An incorporated society in New York, the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots, offers a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essay on physiology and hygiene. The award is to be made by a committee of three, to be appointed by the president of the American Medical Association, and is to be made upon the following conditions: Each essay must have been read or presented for reading before some incorporated medical society; the prize will not be awarded until essays have been received from twenty-five States, or such a number of States of the Union and foreign governments as shall be twenty-five in all, or else when not less than fifty-two essays have been presented irrespective of their authors' places of residence; and, finally, if no one essay shall be deemed worthy of the prize, the five hundred dollars shall be distributed to the writers of the best five essays in such manner as to the committee may seem equitable. With such topics as physiology and hygiene the field for selection of subjects must be an exceedingly wide one, and we suppose no one writer need hope to obtain the full sum of five hundred dollars. The rejected essays are to be printed without compensation to the authors in the journal published by the Institute. The address of the society is 49 Bible House, New York.

—On page 184 of the present volume of THE NATION we spoke of the memoirs of Pétion and of Barbaroux. Perhaps the most interesting pages of these books were those containing Pétion's account of meeting Charlotte Corday at Caen, and the letters written by her to Barbaroux from prison before her execution. An excellent pendant to those pictures of actors in the French Revolution is the book of M. Adolphe Huard, "Mémoires sur Charlotte Corday," founded on authentic and unpublished documents. Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont was not, as many fanciful artists have pictured her, a Normandy

peasant girl in a *cauchoise* cap, but a daughter of one of the most ancient and noble families of Normandy. Among her ancestry were a treasurer of France and the youngest sister of Corneille. The family being very poor, the income of Charlotte's father being but 1,500 livres, or \$300 a year, the whole family were inured to the greatest economy and self-denial. Charlotte was born in 1768, and was early placed in a convent. In 1790, on the suppression of the religious houses, she came back to the world. Her life was so pure and her ideas so noble that she failed to adopt her father's royalist sentiments and was unwilling to drink the health of a weak king. The political differences between her father, who believed in royalty while he supported constitutional changes, and Charlotte, who thought monarchy worn out in France, at least with Louis XVI. at its head, and her father's diminishing income, led to her leaving, in 1792, the thatched paternal château of Argentan, and going to reside with an aunt in Caen. She writes to a friend: "I do not deserve the harsh words of my father. It is not from a spirit of contradiction that I do not share the opinions of my friends and relatives. I see differently from what they see, because my conscience dictates to me the contrary of what they think." In the same letter she says of the king: "I have no feeling of hatred against him; quite the contrary, because he is full of good intentions; but, as you yourself have told me, hell is full of good intentions, and is none the less hell. His weakness is a misfortune to himself and to us." At the execution of the king she "shuddered with horror and indignation," and expressed her opinions of the Mountain with great freedom. To the warnings of one of her friends she replied: "One can die but once! but what fortifies me in our present perils is that no one will lose by losing me. Besides, I have never valued life but by the good use that can be made of it." She felt Pétion's jests, and, after the deed was done, she wrote from her prison to Barbaroux, pained at being misunderstood: "People here in Paris are unable to conceive how a useless woman, whose long life would be good for nothing, can unreluctantly sacrifice herself to save her country." This conviction of duty she never lost, and from Marat's death until her execution her quiet calmness and gentleness never left her. The Mountain party did not treat her with unnecessary severity. She was allowed to write her justification of the deed and to communicate with her friends. M. Huard was appointed to sketch her portrait, which is now at Versailles, in consequence of her note to the Committee of Public Safety asking that it be taken as a mark of remembrance to her friends, and adding: "Moreover, as the effigies of good citizens are cherished, curiosity sometimes seeks out those of great criminals, which serve to perpetuate the horror caused by their crimes." By the ballad-singers and the mob she was insulted; but Sampson, the executioner, was softened by her gentleness. He showed her how to sustain herself in the springless cart to avoid its shocks; and when, on reaching the Place de la Révolution, she turned her head to look at the guillotine, he hurriedly placed himself between her and it; but she said in her sweet, low, steady voice, "Let me look on it; my curiosity is natural; I never saw one before." M. Huard devotes considerable space to the discussion of the alleged blush which rose to her cheek when the executioner's assistant smote it as he held up the head. He does not mention the fact, not generally known, that the executioner was punished by imprisonment for having thus exceeded his duty.

—Among books announced as in preparation by Messrs. Longmans we notice the following: A collection of the "Ballads and Legends of Cheshire;" "Some Account of the Life and Opinions of a Fifth-Monarchy Man, chiefly extracted from the writings of John Rogers, Preacher," by Rev. Edward Rogers, M.A.; "Sound," by Professor Tyndall; "The Wild Elephant, its Structure and Habits, with the method of Taking and Training it in Ceylon," by Sir J. Emerson Tennant; Vol. I. of "The Elements: An Investigation of the Forces which determine the Position and Movements of the Ocean and Atmosphere," by William Leighton Jordan; the ninth and tenth volumes of Froude's "History of England;" "The Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately," by Miss E. J. Whately; "Florence, the new Capital of Italy," by C. R. Weld; a new work by A. K. H. B., entitled "Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City;" the fourth volume of Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe's "History of France from Clovis and Charlemagne

to the Accession of Napoleon III.;" and the third and last volume of Professor Owen's "The Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals."

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. IV.—ETYMOLOGY.

IN the first number of this series I spoke of the new edition of Webster as the best general etymological we yet possess of the English language, and I propose to examine its merits in this respect more in detail hereafter. In the present article I shall confine myself to some general observations on etymology as a branch of the statistics of speech. In philological science *etymology* is used in two senses: first, as signifying the history of words, including what we know or infer respecting their origin, their primitive form and significance, their composition and coalescence, their successive changes of form and meaning, and their transfer from one to another grammatical category; secondly, as the designation of that part of grammar which concerns the use of inflections or those changes at the beginning, in the body, or in the ending of words by which number, person, gender, degree, time, or syntactical relation is indicated. Used in this latter sense, etymology scarcely belongs to lexicography at all. Hence dictionaries generally omit most of the normal inflections of words, and point out only irregularities in accident, referring the student to grammatical treatises for regular declension, conjugation, and comparison. Our business, then, is with etymology in its first and most comprehensive meaning.

Of strictly primitive etymology we know very little, because we are acquainted with ancient languages only in that advanced stage when they already possessed a literature; and as to the modern tongues which seem to be of primitive structure and organization, we can scarcely say, from internal evidence, whether they are in process of growth or decay, composition or resolution; nor do we know historically that the tribes with the most unformed dialects have not enjoyed existence and the faculty of speech as long as the oldest of the Aryans. Some words, indeed, can be traced with certainty, very many with the greatest probability, to an imitative or an interjectional origin. With respect to the rest all is conjecture, and though there are in many cases strong arguments against the imitative and the interjectional theory as applied to them, yet no more satisfactory hypothesis has yet been propounded than that which assigns the parentage of all words alike to conscious or unconscious aping of natural sounds or to involuntary and mechanical ejaculation. This doctrine has been maintained with no little ability by Wedgwood in his "Etymological Dictionary and Origin of Language," and by Farrar in his "Origin of Language," and more especially his "Chapters on Language;" and the reasoning of these authors, though certainly not always conclusive, has, at any rate, not yet been by any means confuted.

*Although there is, strictly speaking, not even *prima facie* historical, or, at least, no documentary, proof of any etymological connection between the ancient inhabitants of Central Asia and any of the European races, or of any relation of parentage and descent between the tongues once spoken in India or other Oriental countries and those so long known as Indo-European; yet the evidence of such connection and such relation drawn from linguistic analogy is altogether irresistible, and among those who have weighed that evidence there are not and cannot be two opinions on the subject. It is now past dispute that, whatever may have been the primary aboriginal source, form, and sense of a large proportion of the words and grammatical inflections which make up the vocabularies of the family of languages to which the English and most other European tongues belong, those words and those forms, as we know them, are descended, through a long space of time and with great changes of articulation, from a very ancient speech or group of allied speeches, of which the Sanscrit itself, no longer a living language, is the oldest and purest representative. The Sanscrit, at the same time, presents us these words in forms apparently nearer than any other to their original utterance, and seems to conduct most directly to our rudimentary elements of human speech. To the unstudied eye and ear the Sanscrit radical is often very diverse from its alleged derivative. But certain laws of articulation, or rather certain comprehensive and constant physiological facts rising almost to the dignity of laws, have been discovered by which we are enabled to explain very remarkable verbal revolutions, and to trace back, with almost unerring certainty, English words to Sanscrit roots not in the least resembling them. In fact, scholars familiar with these laws or great facts, though not well versed in Sanscrit lexicography, have been able, by reasoning backwards from a given modern word, to arrive at a very differently articulated supposed Sanscrit root, which, upon due search, has been

found actually to exist in the vocabulary of that language. Such deductions as these render etymology constructive, and entitle it to rank as a true science; for when a particular knowledge is so far perfected that it can predict unknown results it has become a science.

The principles of investigation which have demonstrated the relationship of languages now living to one long since dead, and between which history has not preserved the faintest tradition of a connection, have also been applied to testing the affinities between still existing speeches. Thus the Celtic, which was formerly supposed not to belong to the Indo-European family, is now shown not only to be a collateral descendant from the same stock as the Gothic and Romance dialects, but to have many hitherto unperceived lexical and grammatical resemblances and analogies to them. To illustrate by a familiar word: *to buck*, to soak in lye preparatory to washing or bleaching, is erroneously referred by Webster to an old German word signifying the *beech-tree*, because beech-wood ashes were used for *bucking*. But this word, *to buck*, is of recent introduction into all the Northern languages, while it is centuries older in those of Southern Europe, and hence the former probably borrowed it from the latter. Wedgwood, following Burguy, conjectures that the word is from the Celtic root *bog*, soft, water-soaked, and the Spanish and Italian forms are *bugada* and *buato*. Now, in Northern Italy, there is a considerable territory, formerly more extensive, where a Germanic dialect called the Cimbric is still spoken. In this dialect the German *a* is uniformly represented by *b*, the diphthong *ai* very often by *o* or *ou*, so that German *weich*, soft, soaked, *weichen*, to soak, are in Cimbric *boach* or *bo*, *boachen*. Here, then, we have the true etymon of *buck*, and at the same time an illustration of a by no means obvious point of contact between the Celtic and the Germanic tongues. (See American edition of Wedgwood's "Etymological Dictionary," s.v. *Buck*.) In fact, it is only by the application of the same or analogous principles that we can reason with confidence on recent changes of words, and very many etymologies which seemed almost self-evident to scholars of the last century, are now shown to be impossible, because they are contrary to well-established laws of phonetic revolution.

We know the primitive language to which modern linguistic science refers so large a part of the words occurring in European literature is only one ancient form or dialect, the Sanscrit, which, however, has several descendants still spoken in India. The Indo-European tongues, on the contrary, are known to us through a long range of time and in a great number of dialects. The changes which these dialects have undergone, partly, as it is said, by the operation of inherent law, and partly, certainly, by their reciprocal influence on each other, are so great that in many instances we do not recognize the older and the later forms of a given speech as one and the same language. No modern Germanic dialect is considered the same speech as the *Mæso-Gothic*, or even as descended from it; nor, though there are eminent philologists who identify classic and modern Greek, Anglo-Saxon and English, are Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and Portuguese regarded by grammarians as simply modified forms of Latin. The European languages have not only affected the forms, structure, and articulation of each other, but some of them have contributed very largely to the vocabularies of others not descended from them. English, for example, though grammatically belonging to the Gothic stock, owes a majority of its words to Latin, the modern Romance languages, and other foreign tongues. The same remark is more or less true of all the dialects employed in European literature, and, accordingly, besides the Oriental genealogy common to nearly all, every vocabulary has its special family record, its table of affinities with relatively modern or contemporaneous speeches, its books of verbal debit and credit, with a large circle of linguistic neighbors.

From all this it is evident that etymology, using the word in the first of the senses I have ascribed to it, may be divided into two branches, or lines of inquiry: first, the theoretical, or, so to speak, transcendental, as when from a derivative form we infer a descent from a radical either not known to exist at all, or found only in an ancient and remote language, which can be shown to be related to that we are investigating by more or less of verbal and grammatical coincidences alone, not by direct proof; and secondly, the historical, as when we are able to trace particular words by documentary evidence, through their successive changes of form and significance, if not to primitive roots, at least to comparatively ancient forms and meanings, or to show positively that they have been introduced from foreign tongues. The distinction between the two, it will be seen, lies mainly in the nature of the proof to which they appeal: the one relying on physiological laws of cause and effect, the other on the testimony of witnesses. It, however, very often happens that, in the pursuit of historical etymologies, links are wanting in the chain of evidence. Where this occurs, where the formation we are following is interrupted by a *fault* in the stratification, we must resort to theo-

ry to teach us where to look for the connection and how to reunite the broken series. The latter or more practical branch of etymology is, therefore, in a considerable degree, really dependent on the former or speculative division, and cannot be pursued successfully without a knowledge of its principles.

Scholars who occupy themselves with etymological theory are inclined to exalt unduly the worth and dignity of their own studies as being more truly scientific in object and character, and to depreciate historical enquiry into the actual biography of words as little better than mere empiricism. But the so-called *laws* of Grimm are but generalizations based on observed physiological, or, to speak more specifically, phonetic facts, and they remain nothing more than material generalizations, not necessary principles, however wide their range of application. The question between the two modes of investigation is rather a matter of taste and special aptitude in the enquirer, and it may well be insisted that studies which involve a knowledge of the great concrete facts of humanity and demand wide research in the annals of industry and commerce and navigation and missionary effort and conquest and colonization and domestic life and jurisprudence, in all branches of literature and science, and, in short, in every field where the intellect of man has been brought to act either on the mind of his fellow-man or on the products and working of material nature—such studies cannot be less noble in themselves or less elevating in their tendency than investigations into the laws of vocal articulation, which carry us back, indeed, to a remote antiquity, but concern themselves little with collateral facts of great past or present interest to man. Besides, historical etymology is of great importance as serving to control, test, and often to correct the deductions of theoretical enquirers, who are constantly tempted to infer a relationship between words derived from very different roots upon the strength of accidental resemblance in form. This was the source of very many of Webster's grossest errors, though he certainly cannot be said to have been led into them by true or false doctrines as to the laws of phonetic change. The etymology upon which Webster most valued himself was that of the verb *to preach*, and the words which he held to be cognate with it because they contain the same radical consonants. An hour of enquiry into the history of this word would have saved him the extraordinary mistake into which he fell concerning it, as well as many of the other errors of that singular discussion. And yet upon theory alone many of his widest deviations from etymological truth could not have been denied to be sound. In like manner false derivations of *buoy*, *camel*, and hundreds of other words, are almost universally adopted, because lexicographers have found it easier to imagine a connection between vocables so like each other as *buja*, a fetter or chain, and *buoy*, *camel* and *camel*, than to search out the actual history of the derivatives in question.

Theoretical etymology belongs rather to the general history of the Indo-European languages, and throws comparatively little light on the distinctive features or the special vicissitudes of any one of them. These must be illustrated by the historical method, and consequently the etymological part of a dictionary of a given speech, English, for example, and more especially in the case of a manual not extending beyond a volume, must confine itself chiefly to that which is peculiar to the language it explains, or at least only accidentally common to other more or less remotely allied tongues, and hence it can generally embrace only the proximate etymology and the relatively recent migrations and revolutions of vocables. Further, it can ordinarily afford space only for results and conclusions, not for historical deduction, and its statements must be not reasoned but positive and authoritative, argument and evidence being reserved for special treatises, like those of Wedgwood, Schuler, Terwen, Diaz, and others. Max Müller, in the second series of his "Lectures on Language," devotes eighteen octavo pages to the historical etymology of the word *barnacle*, and yet overlooks the earliest examples of the use of the word, some of which tend to show, what may be better proved by direct evidence, that in one of its senses, though not that which Müller most carefully investigates, it is of Oriental origin. There are hundreds, not to say thousands, of English words the source and various meanings of which cannot be satisfactorily discussed in a smaller space, and in Wedgwood's "Etymological Dictionary" not above three or four etymologies upon the average are contained within the limits of a single page.

In a dictionary on the plan of that before us there must also be a limit to the amount of collateral etymological illustration, and space is occupied which might be better employed whenever facts are stated which serve to explain neither the history, the form, nor the meaning of a word. The former editions of Webster were very extravagant in this respect, and though the revisers have, in most cases, retrenched such superfluities, they have sometimes, from inadvertence, no doubt, rather than deliberate intention, suffered them to remain. Thus, the etymology of *profession* refers us to the

French *profession*, the Provençal *professio*, the Spanish *profesion*, the Italian *professione*, and the Latin *professio*. Now the French word is important, because it accounts for the form of the English, the Latin because it gives us the proximate source of the French; the other three explain nothing whatever, and are of no more use or instruction to the English student than totally unrelated Russian, Hungarian, or Turkish equivalents of the same word would be.

G. P. M.

A SWISS HISTORY OF OUR WAR.*

It is said that the Swiss, beyond any other people in Europe, were unfriendly to our cause in the late war, and that, from its commencement, Colonel Lecomte did his best to correct their ideas and bring them to a better state of feeling. For this reason alone, a book from his pen is entitled to a kindly reception among us. He has written, besides his book upon the war of secession, two upon the war in Italy in 1859 and 1860, one upon the war in Denmark in 1864, one upon the life and writings of Jomini, and a report to the Swiss Department of War upon the late war in this country, and he has translated into the French the official documents submitted to Congress upon the Virginia and Maryland campaigns of 1862, with an introduction and notes of his own. He is also the editor of the "Revue Militaire Suisse."

The book before us is an octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages, in the beginning of which Colonel Lecomte presents to his readers a brief description of the geographical features of the country occupied by the United States, some account of the settlement of the country, and the course of events that led to the formation of the Federal Union, a few statistical details, a chapter on the causes of the late war, and another on the preparations that were made for it. In an appendix he has printed his translation into the French language of the Constitution of the United States, of the Ordinance of 1787, of the Declaration of Independence of South Carolina and the Ordinance of Secession of Alabama, 1860, and of Mr. Stephens's speeches against secession of the same year. The introductory chapters and the *pièces annexes* make up, together, about one-third of the book. The rest of it is devoted to a description of the course of military operations in this country from the outbreak of the war down to and including the battle of Antietam.

We are nowhere told of how many volumes this is the first; but, if we may judge from the present one, it should be followed by at least three, to make the history of the "Guerre de la Sécession" complete. We may well hope that the author's plan is no less extensive, and that he may carry it out. It is not likely that his readers in this country will be numerous. Books on the war in the English language are too plenty to leave much room for one in French, even if all foreign books were not so expensive as they are now. But it is probable that abroad Colonel Lecomte will find many readers, and we in this country may well be pleased to know that our friends upon the Continent of Europe have within their reach so sensible, so fair, and so accurate a book as this; for the work of a foreigner it is singularly free from errors. Indeed, we know of no book which would give to a reader of any nation, not excluding our own, in the same compass, a more correct idea of the course of events in the first year and a half of the war. But it is not to be read by those whose interest in war is confined to the picturesque element. It is the work of a well-informed, business-like soldier, and from its clearness, accuracy, and good sense, is satisfactory reading; but it is as colorless, from beginning to end, as the writings of Jomini. It looks at all things from the Northern point of view, as matter of actual position of the observer, but in tone it displays the impartiality of the student and not the enthusiasm of the partisan.

The military events of the first eighteen months of the war were not very numerous, and the newspapers were read so faithfully in those days that almost every American is familiar with them. Therefore it is enough to say of Colonel Lecomte's description of them that, for a very brief one, it is, with few exceptions, as good a one as could be wished. We have a few words to say, however, on some matters that have attracted our notice.

We are somewhat surprised to find that the author does not seem to have formed a very high opinion of the utility of our military academy. He speaks of it as if he regarded it as a good school of engineering, and little else, and he attributes to its influence the undue readiness to use pick and spade which he thinks he observed, and, in general, too great devotion to "traditions trop techniques." He is as much disposed to overrate the value of the foreign element in our army as to underrate the value of West Point,

* "Guerre de la Sécession. Esquisse des Evénements Militaires et Politiques des Etats-Unis de 1861 à 1865. Par Ferdinand Lecomte, lieutenant-colonel à l'état-major fédéral Suisse." Tome i. Paris. 1866.

and equally wide of the truth, in our opinion, in each case. Certainly we should have been strengthened rather than weakened by the absence of such troops as the "belle brigade" of Blenker and such generals as Sigel.

There are errors in the book, but not by any means so many as might be expected. Thus, McClellan is said to have been made a major-general of the regular army in May, 1861, and lieutenant-general in November of the same year. The battle of June 1, 1862, is said to have been renewed "aux premières lueurs du jour . . . sur la rive gauche" of the Chickahominy, and the artillery "placée en arrière dans les clairières" to have fired "pardessus les combattants." The real fighting of that day did not begin till about nine o'clock, and this battle of Fair Oaks was distinguished by the silence of the artillery. The circumstances of the engagement were such that it had hardly a chance to fire a shot. The picture which the reader forms in his mind of the battle of Antietam is quite discolored by the author's statement that "un soleil dans tout son éclat annonça la journée du 17." The morning of that day "si grande par ses résultats," was dark and lowering, and it was not till well into the forenoon that the sun came out.

But the most serious error in the book is the statement on page 222 that General Hooker, at the time he received his wound at this same battle, "en fût d'autant plus chagriné qu'il voyait les choses se dérouler favorablement en somme, et qu'il espérait jeter toute l'armée de Lee au Potomac, s'il était bien secondé." There is no doubt, we believe, that General Hooker afterwards said that he entertained such a hope at the time he received his wound, but every one who was there that morning and still survives, knows that he could have had no such hope at the time. His command was beaten when the columns of Sumner began to arrive on the field, and it was only with the loss of thousands of the best troops in the army that the battle was restored in that quarter. It is said that General Hooker owed his promotion to the command of the Army of the Potomac to the extravagant assertions he made as to the fighting he had done and the successes he would have achieved but for his wound. General Hooker was a brave and brilliant soldier. His courtesy, *bonhomie*, and gallantry made it a pleasure to serve under him; but he never had a better piece of luck in his lucky life than the slight wound that drove him from the field he was losing at Antietam, unless we except the shot that struck the pillar against which he was leaning at Chancellorsville, and gave his adherents a chance to throw the decent mantle of physical misfortune over the most lamentable failure of the war. It ought not to pass into history that Hooker was fighting a winning battle at Antietam when he was forced to leave the field.

Colonel Lecomte has shown a great deal of judgment in the selection of his materials, but he is sometimes led astray by them. Thus, his brief description of the affair of Ball's Bluff is quite erroneous. But we should feel no surprise at that; no one who was not there, and few of those who were, seem to have anything like a correct idea of that melancholy episode, and its true history is yet to be written.

Colonel Lecomte, we believe, was in this country, and serving as a volunteer aid on the staff of General McClellan, till after the "Seven Days" battles. This was no long service, but it ought to have taught him enough to hesitate before he pronounced that the chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac was "parfaitement digne" of the honor of his position.

The suggestions scattered through the book are usually very sensible, but we have noticed nothing striking from its originality. All good soldiers in this country lamented the mania for forming new regiments instead of filling old ones. Colonel Lecomte noticed this error and remarked upon it: "Lorsqu'un régiment de volontaires Américains part pour la guerre, il y va tout entier, et ne laisse rien après lui. Pas de dépôt, pas de renouvellement du personnel, à mesure qu'il se consomme, par des recrues exercées venant réparer les pertes et grossir l'effectif."

The most striking passage in the book is that in which the author charges the Government with carrying on a "petite guerre" against McClellan while waging a "grande guerre" against the South. He makes the point that the Government felt sure of success, and speedy success, and was fearful of letting McClellan gather all the laurels, upon the theory that his achievements would all redound to the credit of the Democratic and pro-slavery party, to which he was believed to have attached himself. (Page 119.) To this feeling he attributes the withdrawal of McDowell, and has noticed the fact that at every point of the theatre of war which was distant from Washington things went to our wish, while in Virginia, under the eyes of the Government, all went otherwise.

We are inclined to think that the author has failed to apprehend the significance of the siege of Yorktown, but that subject is too large to enter upon here. We think that he is also in error when he pronounces that McClellan ought, as soon as he heard of the destruction of the *Merrimac*, to

have moved across to the James River, and established himself on that. He still had reason to count upon a junction with McDowell, and the advantages that would have followed from that can hardly be over-estimated. His criticisms upon the position of the Chickahominy seem to us altogether judicious, and we may say the same of his remark on page 182, after describing the battle of Gaines's Mill: "Il fut fâcheux qu'après avoir pris tant de peine à améliorer les positions du Chickahominy, une meilleure partie n'ait pu en être tirée par l'armée Fédérale au jour même de la bataille." Among the many errors justly chargeable upon General McClellan, his conduct on the day of the battle of Gaines's Mills seems to us among the most lamentable. The lines before Richmond had been drawn under his eyes, and the patient labor of his large army had been strengthening them for close upon four weeks. Accomplished engineer as he was, no man in the army was more capable than he of estimating their strength and the number of troops required to hold them. On the day of battle he should not have asked his corps commanders how many troops they could spare, as he did, but should have told them how many they must send. Those commanders had been assigned to their positions by the Government not only not at his request, but against his wishes, and he ought to have known what answers he might expect from them, at least from such officers as Keyes and Heintzelman; while the *vieux sabreur* Sumner, brave as he was, was hardly a fit judge of the question proposed to him. There the Federal army lay all day behind its high, revetted parapets, with strong redoubts strengthening the works at short intervals, and cannon in emplacements all along the lines, protected, moreover, by acres of slashings in front, and only two brigades could be spared from three army corps to reinforce the hardly pressed right, and not a movement was made to so much as threaten the lines of Magruder, who lay trembling in his "critical position" in our front.

The volume concludes with a statement that the author sees neither pleasure nor profit to be derived from more extended criticism upon the military events of the first two summers of the war, for the reasons that the combatants were confederations of republics, the theatre of war immense, the vast majority of the actors were serving their apprenticeship to the "grande guerre," and the minority, who were better instructed, were made distrustful by their knowledge of the defectiveness of the means at their command. He is of opinion that a general less accomplished than McClellan might have been more successful than he, and that he was unfortunate in aiming at an impossible ideal—an army of regulars. His closing paragraph expresses his belief that his succeeding volumes will show that the American nation knew how to profit by the lessons of experience, and that the operations of the following years, without showing more talent in conception on the part of generals or the Government, were infinitely better executed, because there was a better understanding among those who took part in them.

SPARE HOURS.*

WE are glad to meet Dr. Brown again in literature. His former books have made a place for him in every family circle where genial and enjoyable life is appreciated; and the new series of his papers will be gladly welcomed by all who have ever read the first story, "Rab and his Friends," which gave the author a wide acquaintance with American readers. From that pathetic little sketch how the race of Rabs has multiplied! Our own Rab wags his tail in grateful response to the fact, as he lies, with one eye half closed, at our feet under the library table.

Why is it that Dr. Brown is popular? He has only written those light, sketchy papers made up from the odds and ends of everything. He is only a gossipy story-teller; his thinking is of an exceedingly light order; he never completes or finishes anything; you can read his books as well from the last page backward as from the first page forward. Why, then, is he popular? Because he is a man of genuine humor; one who is not only humorous, but who enjoys humor; one who has a large, full, sympathetic nature; one who is open to all beautiful and deep impressions; one who has the happy talent of enjoyment; one who, with his favorites, becomes even hilarious. Add to this his style, which has the singular felicity of reflecting the man as much as Charles Lamb's letters do the gentle "Elia," and a bright, quick imagination which seizes upon the salient features of his subjects with strong grasp, and you have the qualities which make Dr. Brown an acceptable author. Grant, indeed, that this is not a very substantial basis for authorship, that his papers are all brief and all in the same vein; yet they are all well and inimitably done, and there is just that grace of personality which makes them pleasant reading for old and young. They harm nobody (which can

* "Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D." First Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 16mo, pp. 458. Second Series. The same, 16mo, pp. 474.

be said of few books belonging to the literature of amusement) and they fill the mind with genial, pleasant pictures, and widen one's appreciation of good books and his own kind.

We honor Dr. Brown, too, because he is something else than an author. He is a doctor in successful practice, and these papers have been written, as were those of the lamented "Delta," amid the absorbing cares of a constant daily occupation. They are, therefore, an example to literary men, and to those who would be such in a country which does not yet support literature single-handed, of the way in which literature may be successfully tacked on to another profession without in the least impairing its proper pursuit. The poet Perceval, however, said with much truth, when in South Carolina attempting to practise medicine without patients: "When a man is really ill he will not send for a poet to cure him." But in Perceval's case the literary man had, unfortunately, preceded the doctor in reputation. We hold that every calling has a narrowing influence in itself. It absorbs a man. This is true equally of law, medicine, theology, or mechanics. Unless one reads, writes, thinks beyond his profession, he becomes the man of one idea, who soon dries up and withers away. This is the secret of the vegetation of country parsons, country lawyers, country doctors. They drop fast asleep thinking upon nothing. In contrast with this Dr. Brown has become all the better for using his pen, and we are not sure but that he has cured as many patients with his quills as with his pills.

Dr. Brown excels in two lines of writing—story-telling and biography. We are willing to match his "Father's Memoir," the paper on Arthur Hallam, and those on Marjorie Fleming, John Leech, and Thackeray with any biographical writing in the language. They are as peculiarly done as "honest Izaak's" George Herbert or Richard Hooker. The writer appreciates his subject, and he does not let it go till he has brought you to see as he does. His "Father's Memoir" is only equalled (if equalled) by Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" and Boswell's "Johnson." We have never seen a sketch of an artist which so beautifully brings the very man in his art before you as does his paper on John Leech. It is all that reverence and love and honesty could do. But the first series is not excelled by the second in any respect. The biography of Arthur Hallam, now the father's memoir of his son has been published, and we can compare them, is not equal to Dr. Brown's paper, which was made from it. He has the indispensable quality of a biographer—an appreciative heart. He loves, admires, knows—then writes. But his stories are also interesting. There is no constructive art about them; but they always have a point. The story of "Rab" has made that honest dog famous wherever English is spoken, and the moral is delicately woven into its very marrow. The author's love of dogs makes him true brother to Christopher North and Walter Scott, both of whom he admires, and his sympathy for the race crops out in the new volume in a touching plea for a "Dog Home." His pictures of dogs must be read in their setting to be appreciated, but we have never met with their like. Such papers as "Minchmoor," "The Enterkin," "The Jacobite Family," "Her Last Half-Crown," and "Presence of Mind and Happy Guessing," show his peculiar art as a story-teller, and the reader will always remember them as choice bits of character and scene-painting.

The author attempts, in the second series, a more serious class of papers, entitled "Health," or lay sermons, and one on "Jeems the Doorkeeper," to which should be added, "With Brains, Sir," and "Education through the Senses," in the former book. They are full of pleasant advice, given not without a dry humor, which assists the reader to take in the sense. The thoughts are not very deep, but they are inimitably put. His sketches of character also demand a word. The papers on "Dr. Chalmers," "George Wilson," "The Duke of Athole," "Thackeray's Death," and "Struan" are among the happiest summaries of character which we have met with. The author knew and loved the men, and when he writes of them it is as if they were brothers, concerning whom every word must be true yet tender. They are worth more than all the biographies that could be written. The real truth and presence of the life are given in few words, and every word has power.

Yet, much as we like Dr. Brown, we hope, for his own reputation, that he will not write much more in the same vein in which he has indulged, lest the same disgust overtake the public which has met the recent volumes of the "Country Parson," whose "Recreations" were really good and a new thing in literature, but whose abundance has wearied us all. We say this with some hesitation, because Dr. Brown is a far abler man, but yet his literary reputation, so far, is established upon a very slender reed. He pipes one tune perpetually, and even the music of the spheres becomes tiresome without variation. We are glad to see the kindly face of the good doctor in front of the new volume, which shows the same fine traits of character that we find in his writings.

MR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE ON ORTHODOXY.*

ADMIRABLE in intention, kind in temper, candid in spirit, earnest in purpose, this volume occupies a place in theological literature which ought to have been filled before, but which until now has remained empty. What is more remarkable than the character of the book, is the fact that it is written in the interest of a body of Christian believers as the tender of an olive-branch to the other sects. The government of the American Unitarian Association, by the hand of Dr. Clarke, makes an honest attempt to find and to state the truth contained in the doctrines of their opponents. Such an endeavor merits praise, as indicating an attitude worthy to be called Christian, if peace and conciliation are Christian, if *eirenies* are a good substitute for *polemics* in the treatment of sectarian controversies. The association could not have selected for this good work a more suitable man than Mr. Clarke—a man fitted for its performance both by gifts and acquirements. He has the requisite erudition and the necessary familiarity with all the lines of thought. His mind is comprehensive, systematic, and exact; his judgment is just. He is singularly free from personal and from theological prejudice, not because he is indifferent to modes of belief, but because he is strong in fundamental convictions. He is catholic from the depth of his spiritual fervor, not from the shallowness of his sceptical understanding; and he seems to be able to appreciate what is true in systems and good in men, however divergent the forms of truth and goodness may be. In addition to all these qualifications, he possesses a rare power of terse and vigorous statement, almost dangerous from its neatness, but balanced in his case by an intellectual fidelity which is on its guard against deception by verbal ingenuities. The volume before us, in copiousness of material, punctiliousness of arrangement, formality of definition, resembles a German treatise on systematic theology, but the freshness of its thought marks it truly American. But for an occasional positiveness, verging on dogmatism, an absence here and there of philosophical perception, and an artificial cast in its logic, we should say that the theme was handled as well as we have a right to expect from anybody. No more satisfactory book of like tendency may be looked for. The chief point of question is, whether the attempt itself can be considered legitimate. By orthodoxy, Dr. Clarke does not mean the opinions held by any particular denomination in New England or elsewhere; he means "that great system of belief which gradually took form in the Christian church in the course of centuries as its standard theology." This, he says, is substantially identical with the Protestant principle. That principle generates the heresies as necessarily as the beliefs. "Heresies are as true as orthodoxy, and make part, indeed, of a higher orthodoxy." It follows that each form of doctrine, and each doctrine singly, covers some truth of experience, some solid fact of utmost importance to Christendom. Every system has its share of essential truth; every sect is orthodox after its manner; all sects are needed to make Protestantism. "Only by contributions from all quarters can a final judgment be reached." The work in hand on this theory is to distinguish between the substance of truth and the form of truth, to detect the spirit beneath the letter, to analyze all the statements and get at the last residuum of verity.

But this will not satisfy the philosophic believer in orthodoxy. He will take issue at the very start with Dr. Clarke's theory, and charge him with begging the whole question. He will say that reasoning is impossible on Dr. Clarke's ground. It is generally understood that orthodoxy is a definite system, from which all heresy is a dangerous departure; that orthodoxy and heterodoxy are not different modes of statement for the same substantial truths, but modes of statement of different principles, one of which excludes the other; the difference being one that cannot be split. Nor is this all; for it is an equally stubborn opinion that the natural reason is utterly incompetent to interpret or to understand the orthodox system, it being instituted by omniscience, inspired by supernal wisdom, and apprehensible by none but supernaturally illuminated minds. Hence Dr. Clarke's endeavor is, of necessity, futile. He assumes that he can penetrate mysteries which human wit cannot reach. In saying, as he does with emphasis, as if he were laying down an indubitable verity, that "there is a power in man by which he can see spiritual facts, as with his earthly senses he can perceive sensible facts," Dr. Clarke takes ground frankly with the transcendentalists; but transcendentalism and orthodoxy are utter foes; and when either undertakes to find the substantial truth that is common to both, it is as if one should try to discover the common base of two mutually destructive salts.

The special results of Dr. Clarke's analysis are such as might be expected from his philosophical principle. The discussions are minute and elaborate.

* "Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors. By James Freeman Clarke." Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 1 vol., pp. 512.

They show a complete acquaintance with all the technical points in controversy; they display great learning and acuteness. They are scrupulously fair; but, in the conclusion, the transcendental philosophy claims much the largest share of the spoils, and orthodoxy comes to its title by abandoning its rights. Positions which it would disclaim are attributed to it as its residuum of truth, and beliefs which it will never let go are kindly taken away from it as being errors. Thus, orthodoxy is right in making the free and independent sight of truth the root of all religion; it is wrong in confounding truth with doctrine. It is right in affirming that influences come into the world from above the world, *supernatural* influences supplementing nature; it is wrong in raising an opposition between the natural and the supernatural, in making nature and spirit foes. It is right in maintaining the supreme excellence and value of the Christian Scriptures; but wrong in claiming for them infallible accuracy. It is right in laying stress on natural depravity, the natural alienation of the will from God, the fact of sin; but wrong in insisting on man's total depravity, and his natural subjection to a law of evil. It is right in declaring that God was in Christ; it is wrong in declaring that Christ was God; right in teaching that Christ was divine; wrong in teaching that he was Deity. It is right in asserting that man is justified by faith; wrong in asserting that he is justified by belief—the faith that justifies does not come from the acceptance of correct opinions, but the correct opinions proceed from the faith that justifies. It is right in contending that Christ, in his death, effected something by means of which we obtain God's forgiveness for our sins; it is wrong in contending that this agency was exerted on God instead of on man, and in holding up its vicarious character as constituting its saving peculiarity. It is right in asseverating that man lives under a law of election; but wrong in pronouncing this election to be an appointment to happiness or misery hereafter, instead of being a call to opportunity and duty here. It is right in expecting the coming of Christ in this world, a *personal* coming, too, and not merely his impersonal coming in his truth; it is wrong in supposing that coming to be future instead of present, and material to the senses instead of spiritual to the soul. It is right in affirming the eternal distinction between good and evil, and in laying stress on the soul as eternally suffering for sin; it is wrong in laying down the doctrine of everlasting punishment or of hopeless doom. It is right in proclaiming a trinity of manifestations; it is wrong in maintaining a trinity of persons. In each one of these instances the special characteristic of orthodoxy seems to be abandoned, and, as a substitute for it, a belief is put in which not only is no equivalent but which is its contradiction.

While, therefore, the purpose of the book is so good and its ability so conspicuous, its success is not eminent. The questions at issue lie deeper than Mr. Clarke's scalpel goes. Orthodoxy and anti-orthodoxy rest on opposite principles. If one is true, the other is not. The kindest overtures towards them, looking to a reconciliation and a marriage kiss, will probably be thrown away.

A Woman's Thoughts about Women. Miss Mulock. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—When, some years ago, Miss Mulock's brief essays first appeared, the topics she discusses had much of freshness and interest which they have since lost. On *servant-galism*, for instance, we have not by any means got to our last word—witness the proposal on another page that our poor relation the monkey be utilized and made menial—but certainly within the last ten years we have heard an infinite deal on the subject, and all that Miss Mulock says in her chapters upon "Female Servants" and "The Mistress of the Family" has been repeated with rather wearisome iteration, and has ceased to be amusing. Still, if it is true that ladies never grow old, it is also true that young ladies grow older, and each year a new generation of brides, attended by raw regiments of Irish and other mercenaries, go down into the battle of life in lodgings and first-class tenements, and each year there will be new need of the old counsel and reproof and warning. And no kinder, more sympathetic, more honest adviser, and, so far as we know, none more capable than Miss Mulock will easily be found. She is equally full of housewifely sense and of womanly sweetness. And we commend her book to all young gentlemen meditating matrimony as a very good book for the general average of young ladies contemplating the same prospect. For in Miss Mulock husbands, an unfortunate class whom it is too much the fashion nowadays to abuse without stint, will find a friend. She is no innovator or woman's rights woman. More than that, she concedes that women are human beings, and not altogether free from wickedness, silliness, and meanness. She seems not willing to assert the female superiority in soul, and hardly willing to assert their equality with man in intellect, though, to be sure, she does make some rather extravagant remarks about Aurora Leigh. These may be forgiven, however, as being ten or a dozen years old, and made when more people than Miss Mulock were too enthusiastic about Mrs. Browning. But, as we say, in general she is very sensible and reasonable. Indeed, acrimonious men who should read her book without remembering that she is specifically engaged in pointing out errors in women's conduct of life, and urging them to improvement, might think the writer a believer in some of the harsher creeds of wilful misogynists. They might conclude that she supported that plausible

theory which supposes our original parents, those first *hostes humani generis*, to have been unequally guilty in bringing about the fall of man; that the man, on account of mitigating circumstances, was permitted to earn his own and the woman's bread by the sweat of his brow; that the woman's exclusion from toil was penal, and that in her idleness and the consequent deterioration of her morals and her mind she reaps the reward of her greater sin in the garden. It is life in the world of business that forces men to justice—man solitary cannot be just. Justice is at the base of every other virtue. Without justice morality is impossible. Women, notoriously, are destitute of justice, and are, then, profoundly immoral, in the strict sense of that word. Such goodness as they confessedly have they have at the dictum of religious teachers. It is so in morals, and in mind it is the same, these people say, and, for the same reason, "*curis acuntur mortalia corda.*" If the revolving world, rightly considered, is nothing more than the grindstone on which the human faculties are sharpened and brightened, it is not to be wondered at that men are as far superior to women in intellect as in the moral nature.

It is not necessary to enquire whether this is true doctrine, or whether Miss Mulock is a disciple of this school. Practically, she urges women to enroll themselves among "that crowned band who, whether or not they are the happy ones, are elected to the heaven-given honor of being the workers of the world;" she is not afraid to recommend their following any and every honest profession or trade for which they are competent, and is severe upon the frivolous laziness and helpless dependence which is commonly thought to be the proper thing for women; she candidly confesses the tendency of women to be dreadfully stingy, tyrannical in a small way, inconstant in friendship, and sadly empty-headed; she speaks well, delicately, tenderly, and sensibly about "lost women," "unhappy women," and "women of the world," and on the whole has given to her sisters a large-hearted, pretty large-minded woman's desultory, not very deep but very useful, "Thoughts about Women."

Hilard's Primer. Edited, in pronouncing Orthography, by Edwin Leigh. (Brewer & Tilton, Boston.)—The history of this book, if it were told, would be something romantic. The editor speaks in his preface of "the labors of years" as culminating in this small volume, which it is safe to say a casual observer might never suspect of any peculiarity, though in this very fact lies the triumph of the educator. Mr. Leigh has worked long, persistently, with an enthusiasm and a degree of hopefulness which sometimes are called fanaticism, sometimes, when a new world is to be discovered or two worlds united by a cable, heroism. He has endured disappointments and privations like other discoverers—the imperfections of his own system, the indifference of educators, the doubts of publishers, the delays of his font-makers. He has lived on a crust, but he has lived, and here is his reward, or ought to be. What, in brief, is his system? Mr. Leigh went from Massachusetts and Horace Mann to Missouri, to pursue the high calling of a teacher. He had long taught the phonetic method of orthography and orthoepy, and knew by experience how much it saved the pupil in time and the teacher in patience. But the odd characters and the new-fangled spelling never commended themselves to the general public. What the child has learned here, it was said, he must unlearn when he returns to the ordinary text. The objection was not fatal to the theory, but it was to its practical success. Mr. Leigh thought it not impossible to get the Roman characters so little modified that the transition in them would be imperceptible, and in spelling, *nil*. And this he has done, in the most ingenious and thorough manner, and he has persuaded Messrs. Brewer & Tilton to adapt a popular primer to his lettering. The system commends itself on its face; it is simple, easy, interesting, *familiar*. It is compatible with any mode of teaching, though here it is combined with that which employs words before single letters. We commend it to the teachers of primary schools and to the mothers of young children everywhere. If employed at the South, it would, we are persuaded, render the greatest assistance to the teachers of the freedmen, and shorten for the latter the interval (which it is so desirable to shorten) between them and the culture of civilization.

The Red Doctor. Translated from the French of J. P. Lafitte, by Huon D. Aramis. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866.)—This singular farrago of mystery, murder, and mesmerism belongs to the sensation school of modern French fiction. The main story is founded upon that period of Danish history in which the weak-minded and debauched Christian VII. was swayed by his clever but unprincipled favorite, Struensee, to whom the author ascribes the development of that theory of animal magnetism with which the name of Mesmer is commonly associated. The latter is the "Red Doctor" of the tale; but the central character is the royal favorite, whom M. Lafitte depicts as a glorified impersonation of genius struggling against *convention* and oppression, and seeking the sources of hidden knowledge with the enthusiasm of a youthful Faust or Paracelsus, and whom he reluctantly transforms, when he comes to describe his amour with Queen Caroline Matilda, into a sort of fallen archangel. The idea of the character is historically false, but it helps the story, the effect of which is further heightened by a busy throng of intriguing courtiers, clairvoyants, assassins, spies, and other stock characters of the historical romance, who swarm through the scenes. The plot is involved and difficult to follow, and, to add to the confusion, a second plot, having no connection with the main story, is woven into it in a manner little creditable to the constructive skill of the author. The hero of the latter story is a murderer, rejoicing in the name of "Pierre the Assassin," whose end affords an apt illustration of that retributive justice which overtakes the conventional stage villain. As a historical novel the book is worthless, but it contains an abundance of highly-wrought and exciting passages, which, in spite of their violation of truth, probability, or even possibility, absorb the reader's attention until, to his surprise, he finds himself at the last page, when very likely he will throw the "Red Doctor" into a corner, in pure disgust of having wasted valuable time in its perusal. The translation is rather clumsily executed.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE WAY TO SECURE PEACE.

EVERYBODY is just now speculating with more or less earnestness upon the probable course of events when the new Congress meets next spring. Nearly two months ago we ventured to suggest in an article, which we believe many of our readers at the time considered almost extravagant, that Mr. Johnson would probably—if a majority of the whole number of members of Congress could be secured by the union of the Southerners claiming seats with the Democrats favorable to "his policy"—refuse to recognize the Radical minority representing the majority of the Northern electors, treat the others as the real Congress, and, if necessary, put them in possession of the Capitol by force. All thought of any such plan was, however, indignantly repudiated by Mr. Johnson and his friends, and the idea that he had even entertained it was treated as a wicked Radical invention, and the public was reminded that he had acknowledged the legality of the present Congress in spite of the exclusion of the Southern members by approving and vetoing its bills.

It very soon after began to appear, however, that the Presidential mind was beginning to be affected by the theories so zealously propounded by the *World* and *Daily News*, that the present Congress was a "rump Congress," whose authority it would be a meritorious act, or at most only a venial sin, to disregard. He began to talk, in each stump speech, a little more contemptuously of it, and a little more respectfully of his own high and mighty position as a "department of the Government." At last he blurted out, what had probably long been fermenting in his breast, his belief that the present Congress was not a department of the Government, but only "a body hanging on the verge of the Government;" "calling itself the Congress of the United States," but being only in reality a "Congress of part of the States." This was a considerable step in advance. There is only one other to make in order to prepare him to treat representatives of the States which have put down the rebellion and saved the Union as entitled to no share in the Government, unless they choose to admit to their body members from such States as he shall pronounce entitled to representation. How soon he will take this step we, of course, cannot say; but the precise mode in which he will make it seems to have been sketched out by the *World* and *Times* last week.

Both these journals have been a good deal puzzled about the claim of the President to exercise legislative functions in this matter of reconstruction, and have occupied themselves very busily in defending "his policy," so as to avoid having to answer the very inconvenient question of how he came to have a policy at all. The *World*, however, had the good fortune to disinter last week an act of Congress of 1862, fixing the number of representatives at 241, and then rushed triumphantly to the conclusion that any Congress from which a portion of this number was excluded was no Congress at all, and that the President, as an executive officer, was bound to execute the laws, and this law amongst others; therefore he was bound to introduce the full number of members, if need be, by force. The *Times* the next day took up the wondrous tale, and told us exactly how the thing was to be done, and actually announced that Mr. Johnson would certainly treat any Congress which did not contain the full number of members fixed by law as what he in his concise and luminous diction calls "an illegal and unlawful assembly."

We need hardly point out that for the President to undertake to put members into Congress in supposed execution of this act, or to refuse to recognize as Congress a body which failed to fill its ranks up to the legal number, would be to deny it the power both of deciding what constituencies may elect members and what members are really elected, and would put it in the power of any State to paralyze the legislature by failing to elect. In fact, the whole argument is that of men whom much trouble has bewildered, and who are at their wits' ends to avert the catastrophe which is impending over the "policy" and its supporters. If the case they suppose should arise, we have no

doubt the country will deal in a very summary manner with all these fine-spun theories of the President's powers, and the authors of them, if Mr. Johnson should be fool enough to follow their advice, will be perfectly astounded by the popular contempt for their logic. The one thing on which all parties may count as certain is that the Northern people consider the Congress elected by the Northern States the only true Congress, and will see that its authority is respected.

We are now more disposed to take a hopeful view of the future than we were two months ago. The very fact that the people are becoming awakened to a sense of the danger is a healthy symptom. Such perils are averted by preparing for them, not by ignoring them; and we have reason to believe that the necessary preparations are being made; while we know that the people are being thoroughly aroused to the situation. Two months ago, moreover, we did not foresee the New Orleans massacre or Mr. Johnson's stump speeches, or, to speak correctly, his *speech*, which he repeats everywhere with as much gusto as Mr. Everett repeated his oration on Washington. The mob at Indianapolis showed an amazing ignorance of party tactics when they refused to hear the Presidential orator. If we could look at the matter in a partisan aspect only (as we trust we do not), we should rejoice to have a speech from Mr. Johnson at every railroad station, and would have every speech printed *verbatim*, in large type, in all the newspapers. General Scott was thought to have reached the climax of suicide by speech-making in 1852, but it has been reserved for Mr. Johnson to attain to a height of achievement unequalled even by Daniel Pratt, Jr., the great American traveller.

This stupendous combination of folly and outrage will save the nation while humiliating it. The result is distinctly foreshadowed by the victory in Maine. We desire to use moderate language, but no ordinary phrases will do justice to that election. It was an exciting one, in which the State was thoroughly canvassed, and in which official influence and money were freely used. All the chances of gain seemed to be on the side of the Johnsonian party. The pressure which they brought to bear may be judged from the single fact that in Kittery, where there is a large navy yard, the vote in 1864 was 465 Republican to 181 Democratic; whereas now it is 345 Republican to 304 Democratic. But such influences are of less account than many suppose. Every other town in the same county shows large Republican gains. And it should be observed that the victory is not owing to any diminution of the general vote or the absence of popular interest. The conglomerate party fully expected to gain one Congressman, and hoped for two. They struggled hard for this purpose, but signally failed. The Republican vote is larger than ever before, except possibly at the gubernatorial elections of 1856 and 1860, when the party polled almost exactly 70,000 votes. It polls now at least 69,000, and probably over 70,000. Mr. Lincoln, in 1864, received only 62,000. This large vote, in a State almost stationary in population, is of itself a triumph. But the majority is far larger than was ever given by the State before to any party or candidate whatever. The largest majority ever given to any governor at a previous election was less than 18,000, and the Republican majority in 1862 was less than 6,000. Now it is close upon 30,000.

We have dwelt upon these figures because all experience has shown the important influence of the Maine elections, especially for the past twelve years, during which they have accurately foreshadowed the state of Northern feeling. In 1854, 1856, 1860, 1863, and 1864, this was specially noticeable; while in 1862 the loss of a Congressman in Maine gave warning of the accumulation of political disasters which followed.

We regard this overwhelming victory in Maine as a precursor of similar victories throughout the North. And if we are right in believing that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the West will take their stand beside Maine, the war-cloud will pass over, and the now rampant office-hunters will become mild as doves. Such victories will secure the all-important point, the election of at least 122 Republicans to the next House of Representatives; the only way, in our view, by which the country can be saved from the outbreak of violence. That will certainly avoid the peril now contemplated, and it is at least doubtful whether anything else will. We hope for this result now with more confidence than we have ever felt before.

We desire to add a word of advice to those conservatives and

cautious men who seek peace above all things, and who may be influenced by the appeals or threats of Mr. Johnson's organs to believe that peace can be most easily secured by letting him have his way; and that they can best help to that end by supporting his candidates. This is an utter delusion. The recent elections have demonstrated the absolute impossibility of carrying the North in favor of Mr. Johnson's policy. We admit that a temporary peace might be secured by the election of ninety-seven Johnson men to Congress, since they would form a majority of the members from the states legally organized; and the minority would submit at once. But no man in his senses, acquainted with politics, believes such a result to be possible. Peace cannot be secured this way. Of the 192 recognized members of the lower House, the coalition cannot, by any conceivable turn in politics, carry more than ninety, while it is wholly improbable that they will carry seventy-five. The co-operation of the class of men who are anxious for peace with the majority who adhere to principle will give the Republicans 125 or 130 members, and thus overwhelm the plot to organize a separate Congress under the sanction of the President. This is now the only practicable road to peace.

What will the South then do? it may be asked. Will it not refuse to accept the terms offered by Congress, stay "out in the cold" for an indefinite period, irritated, discontented, requiring continued military rule, murdering and battering freedmen and Northern men, and keeping open a perennial sore in the body politic, as Mr. Beecher and the *New York Times* would have us believe? Political prophecy is dangerous work; but we have no hesitation in answering to all these questions emphatically, No. The South has assumed its present attitude of resistance because it relies on Mr. Johnson and his friends to carry it through, as it relied on Mr. Pierce and his friends to create a "war of neighborhoods" in 1860, and as it relied on the Chicago Convention in 1864. It is now waiting for the result of the coming elections. Let it be once demonstrated by those elections that Mr. Johnson's promises and advice are worthless, that he and his supporters are powerless, that behind the Congressional majority there stands the Northern people firm and unshaken, and as determined to reap the fruits of the war as it was two years ago to carry the war on, and, our word for it, we shall have peace, and permanent peace, in the spring. The South will accept the Constitutional Amendment, in spite of its present threats, just as placidly and gracefully as it gave up the intention, so long entertained, of "dying in the last ditch," and waging guerrilla warfare "down the ages." There is nothing in the amendment intrinsically humiliating or unjust. Even Mr. Beecher acknowledges that, and, therefore, it will be swallowed without a qualm. The Southern representatives will take their seats next winter as good-humoredly as if nothing had happened, and Mr. Johnson be left no more exciting duty than giving a revised edition of his old speeches, with annotations by Mr. Thurlow Weed, and an appendix by Montgomery Blair, clearing up the more doubtful points in the President's metaphysics and political economy.

MR. BEECHER'S GENERAL LAWS.

THERE was probably nothing in Mr. Beecher's recent letter to the Cleveland Convention so grateful to its admirers as that portion of it which proposed to leave the improvement of the negro's condition at the South to the operation of general laws, such as the laws of political economy, the law of progress, the spread of feelings of humanity and justice among the whites, and so forth. This fondness for leaving things to be effected by natural agencies, or, in other words, of getting along with the least possible amount of government, is, in part, the result of a general reaction against the excess of government from which the world has always hitherto suffered, and not excess of government only, but excess of villainously bad government. But it is due in part also, and in our opinion in the case before us in still larger part, to the desire of the natural man to shirk disagreeable and troublesome duties. Clergymen are apt to have great fondness for "general laws," although they rarely call them by that name. Both they and their hearers find a certain comfort in taking as large a number as possible of the problems of human existence out of the hands of men, and committing their solution to Providence. This gets rid of a world of

troublesome details, disposes of a multitude of ugly facts, and saves a great deal of repulsive labor—although we have no doubt very few pulpit orators are conscious of any such intention when preaching the helplessness of "the world." "The world" is, however, by no means sorry very often to believe in its own helplessness, and to agree to leave things to "the general course of events," and put abuses of all kinds under the protection of a divine law with which it is foolish or useless for human legislators to attempt to meddle. When slaveholders were hard pressed by public opinion to do something to prepare the negroes for freedom, they, after much tribulation, resorted to the old expedient of making slavery a part of the natural order of the world, as ordained by God. Those who did not venture to such lengths of extravagance, however, declared that, although slavery was an abuse, it was an abuse which human legislation could do nothing to remove. Its abolition had to be left to "Providence" (i.e., Mr. Beecher's laws of political economy), who would bring it about "in his own good time"—a time, however, which was plainly considered so indefinitely remote that its approach never probably diminished the market value of a "likely nigger" one cent in the estimation of the devoutest believer in the progress of society.

Now what we think governments had better leave to general laws is the improvement of individual character. We are opposed to making men pious, or temperate, or generous, or forgiving by law. The moral training of the citizen is not, in our opinion, the business of government. But his protection from all violence, from all abuse, from all attempts by his fellows to injure him in mind, body, or estate, to prevent the free exercise of his faculties, or, in other words, the provision for him of perfect security, is emphatically the business of government. Government has not and ought not to have any other business; and any government which confesses its inability or unwillingness to do this thing, confesses that it is an usurpation, that there is no reason for its existence, and that in collecting taxes it commits a robbery. A government which tells a citizen or subject who complains to it that he is oppressed or maltreated by his fellow-citizens, as Mr. Beecher wants our Government to tell the Southern freedmen, that he must look for an improvement in his condition to the general progress of Southern society, absolves him from his allegiance. We all believe that robbery and murder and embezzlement will diminish as the world grows older and better and as religion and education become more widely diffused, but it has not occurred to any one yet to tell the victims of burglars and assassins that there is no use in having courts and policemen, inasmuch as crime cannot be wholly prevented, and that they must be patient under their afflictions, as the time is coming when there will be no more thieving or housebreaking, when the criminal population will come to see that honesty is the best policy, and betake themselves to industrial pursuits.

This, however, is in effect what Mr. Beecher and his friends would have the Northern public say to the freedmen. There are say 200,000 of them who have served in the Union armies. These men have gone home and find that by the legislation of our late enemies the rights of buying, selling, teaching, preaching, leasing and owning land, and entering on various callings, and even suing in court, are curtailed. They apply to us for redress, and Mr. Beecher wants us to tell them that we are sorry for them, but the world moves, and that we doubt not the South will yet see the propriety of treating them fairly; that if we interfere it would "irritate" their oppressors; and that the laws of political economy are at work.

Another of the fallacies of Mr. Beecher's letter is contained in the remark that the negroes must share in the prosperity of the South. This is by no means certain. The South has prospered greatly materially in the days of slavery, and yet the laboring population grew every day more and more miserable. The middle and upper classes in England have acquired enormous wealth within the last two hundred years; but the condition of the working classes has relatively not improved. Land, for instance, has doubled, in many counties quadrupled, in value within one hundred years; but the agricultural laborer is worse off than he has ever been at any period of English history. The condition of the French peasantry was never so horrible as when the court and the châteaux were gayest. The wealth of the Indian zemindars was proverbial for ages, when the ryots lived year after year on

the verge of starvation. In short, there is nothing better settled, both by political economy and by history, than that, if you have a privileged class, or race, or caste in any country, there is no necessary connection whatever between its prosperity and that of the classes below it. The prosperity of the laboring class in all countries depends on its numbers in proportion to the amount of capital available for the employment of labor. Its number may be increased in two ways. One is by improvident and reckless multiplication, such as is often seen amongst degraded populations, whose standard of living is low, and in whom long misery has extinguished hope and ambition. The other is multiplication created by artificial obstacles to a change of condition. What makes labor high at the North is, that the number of workmen is always kept down by the cheapness of land, which every year draws off a large number of those who labor for hire, and the facility afforded by the manners and institutions of the country for rising out of the ranks of laborers into that of employers. Thousands and thousands of Northern laborers every year become farmers of their own land, or else rise from the position of journeymen into that of "bosses," and this process, so far from being impeded by legislation, or by public opinion, is encouraged and promoted by both in every possible way. Shut the schools on the Northern working-men; shut them out from many of the most honorable callings and from all political privileges; diminish the amount of protection afforded them by the courts, and make them and their callings objects of contempt or loathing to the class exercising the power of government, and refuse them the right of owning or leasing land, and we should soon see whether they would share in the prosperity of their employers; whether the ranks of labor, and, above all, of unskilled labor, would not be crowded to excess; and whether we should not witness all over the country, in spite of our boundless resources, those shocking inequalities of condition which meet the eye in some of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the Old World, and which, in our opinion, nothing but an equality of rights, secured not by an act of Congress only, but by the fundamental law of the Union, can prevent our seeing perpetuated at the South.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA AFTER WAR.

KING WILLIAM of Prussia and his Prime Minister came home to Berlin, a few days ago, after a political victory far more complete than that recently gained by the English Adullamites, and a campaign of arms more splendid than any since Marengo, and they, like the Adullamites, had in their hands for decision the question what citizens of their country should vote. The Tories of free England might learn at least one useful lesson in government from the example set by the King of despotic Prussia.

The King's decree provides for an election to a parliament for the new North German Confederation, and, among other regulations, makes the following:

First. Every Prussian subject not convicted of high crime, who has reached his twenty-fifth year, has the right to vote. The following classes of persons are excepted, to wit: All those who are under guardianship; all whose property is under assignment for bankruptcy (until the assignment is completed); paupers supported either by public or private charity, or who have been so supported within a year next preceding the election. Every one from whom the right of citizenship has been withdrawn (a punishment for certain crimes) is also prohibited from voting. Every Prussian permitted to vote is also eligible as a candidate for deputy, and is not excluded from the poll for any past political offences, provided these have been pardoned by the King. Every 100,000 of the population, and any additional number above 50,000, elect one deputy. In every election district lists of the voters will be made out and posted in public places four weeks before the day of election; eight days are given in which to make corrections and additions, after which the lists are closed and all unregistered persons are excluded from the polls. The election will be conducted by ballot openly; a majority of votes in each district is required to elect; in case there is no absolute majority the election will fall to the one receiving a plurality, and in case of a tie between two they will cast lots.

The only difference between this law and that of 1848, which has

been the ideal of every German Liberal, is that the present one everywhere uses the word *Prussian* instead of German. Either the King intends that all the inhabitants of the North German Confederation shall be called Prussians, or that his confederates shall make their own election laws. Our latest advices, however, by Atlantic Telegraph, say that "the Prussian Chamber of Deputies has voted a parliament and electoral law for Saxony." It is a somewhat significant circumstance that in Saxony the Prussian military officers are preparing the lists and making all other preparations for the election. And yet Saxony has not entered into a "personal union" with Prussia.

It would be a labor of no little interest, as well as profit, if one had full facilities to make out the complete table of profit and loss which the needle-gun and good strategy have ciphered out for the Prussians. In Leipsic a firm of booksellers, Messrs. Biederman, Freytag & Co., have offered a prize of two hundred dollars for a pamphlet "which shall show briefly, conclusively, and in a popular style, that the only salvation for Saxony is to be found in the closest possible union with Prussia." This in the second city of a kingdom which, if it was anything before the war, was Prussian-hating! The marked falling off of Napoleonic favor from beaten Austria toward her victorious neighbor; the conclusion already of a secret treaty (so it is whispered in "high diplomatic circles") between Count Bismark and the Russian ambassador, Von Dalwigk, and the near approach of a probable alliance between Prussia and Austria herself against the territorial hungerings which the Germans will persist in attributing to Frenchmen—these are additional "golden opinions" won by the needle-gun.

The more substantial earnings of the Prussian army may be set down as follows, though there are many others of small amount that have never been published or heard of outside of the army itself:

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|------------------------------|---------------|
| Austria, | \$70,000,000 |
| Saxony, | 12,500,000 |
| Bavaria, | 14,000,000 |
| Frankfort, | 8,500,000 |
| Württemberg, | 8,000,000 |
| Baden (estimated), | 5,500,000 |
| Total, | \$118,500,000 |

No reckoning is here taken of the numerous small German states that opposed Prussia with arms, on whom, it is to be supposed, proportionate burdens were laid, nor of the vast quantities of supplies that have been furnished on requisition. For instance, \$40,000 worth of cigars have been smoked by the Prussians in Frankfort, and their officers have spent \$28,800 in the different hotels of that unhappy city, all at the expense of the citizens.

After reckoning up the sums extorted by Prussia from her defeated enemies, that is hardly an incredible statement which was made a few days ago in the Prussian Lower House by the Finance Minister, Von der Heydt, that he needed a grant of only 154,000,000 thalers (a thaler is 70 cents in silver) to cover the deficit from the beginning of 1862 to the end of 1866, and an extraordinary grant of 60,000,000 to cover the expenses of the war just ended. It will not be forgotten that the King and his Parliament have been at loggerheads since 1862, and that during all this time the Government has been conducted without a single vote of supplies.

But this wind of war that has blown so much good to Prussia has been a terribly ill wind to her rival. The truce of Nikolsburg, though it delivered the Kaiser from further fear of the devouring needle-gun, opened up for him a ghastly future of intestine quarrels, of wasting strife between the diverse races of which his patchwork empire is made up. While it was yet a part of the German Bund, the German element, though inferior in numbers, always had a reserve outside of the empire upon which to fall back, and with its superior culture and intellect kept the Slave, the Tzsch, the Magyar, the Croat, and the Pole always in subordination. The army, the schools, the laws were German institutions, not Slavonian or Hungarian, and those intractable and haughty tribes have never ceased to chafe under this foreign yoke. The battle of Königgrätz cast Austria adrift for ever, dis severed the German from his kindred in Fatherland, and there begins now to come up to Vienna from all parts of the motley empire a fierce, polyglot cry: "Down with the German!"

The Tzechs were the first to give this signal, so full of peril for Austria. When the Prussians invaded Bohemia the King caused a proclamation to be issued to them, promising them that he would "perhaps" strike off from them the hated bonds, and give them their long-sought independence. For this act the "Beseda," a fraternity of Bohemians in Berlin, gave him a cordial vote of thanks, though there is no people in Europe that hate the Prussians more intensely than the Tzechs. The promise, however, was not fulfilled, and now the doubly exasperated Bohemians are preparing to avenge themselves with their own hands. Not long ago the Cologne *Zeitung* predicted that there would soon be a terrible uprising in that wild kingdom of the mountains, and that the Germans would be massacred by thousands. But this is improbable. In Bohemia there are 3,000,000 Tzechs, 1,910,000 Germans, and 90,000 Jews—the Jews, strangely enough, always siding with the Germans. The enmity between Tzech and German is as old as the Austrian Empire, and more persistent, perhaps, than any other recorded in history. As long ago as 1630 the Bohemian parliament forbade any one's entering the kingdom who could not speak Tzech. As short a time since as 1861 the Council of Prague voted that there were no German children in that city, and that no language should be taught in the schools but the Tzech. Last January the Tzechs, with the help of Belcredi, a member of the Imperial cabinet, procured for entire Bohemia a similar law. In Pilsen they have declared that the language of business also shall be only the Tzech, and there are many instances where the Germans are compelled to pay taxes for Catholic Tzech churches. The latter, led on by the miserable, bigoted priests, justify all this for the conclusive reason that "they eat Tzech bread."

The prospect for the Germans of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia is, then, gloomy enough; for in all these provinces the Tzech element is greatly in the ascendancy, and, exulting now at the prospect of reducing still lower the hated German, is preparing for new encroachments and outrages. Bohemia has always been a favorite of the empire—"the hot-bed of Austrian intelligence," it has been called; two-thirds of all the Austrian officials are Bohemians; the choicest steeds for the Imperial stables are found there; and the people, now exasperated with defeat, famine, and disease, are clamorous for Francis Joseph to come to Prague and have himself crowned King of Bohemia. This ceremony he dare not much longer neglect. On the other hand come up deep and ominous mutterings from Hungary and the Croats. The Croats are Slavonians and are devoted to the principle of federalism or downright despotism, while the Hungarians have liberal tendencies and clamor for a free parliament and a responsible ministry. The hatred that a Croat bears towards a Magyar is a proverb that the whole world uses; and he, too, sees this as his opportunity to be separated from Magyar and German alike, and is sullenly muttering about independence.

The Hungarians, displeased with the favoritism shown to the Tzechs, and with the general tendencies of the empire to Pan Slavism and despotism, swore a great oath that they would not volunteer to retrieve Königgrätz unless they were put on an equality with Bohemia, and allowed to have a free parliament. They are ably and fearlessly represented in the cabinet by Count Esterhazy, a liberal and a bitter personal enemy of Majláth, an advocate of federalism, and it is said that the strife between the two has come to such extremities that Majláth will be forced to retire. Vienna and the Germans have joined with the Hungarians in a stern demand for a constitution and a responsible ministry, and the Tzech faction of the cabinet, heretofore so powerful, find themselves falling in the rear, and Vienna is filled with rumors of ministerial quarrels and approaching changes.

Meantime Francis Joseph, distracted in the presence of the gigantic and tangled questions that press upon him, one day sends Elizabeth down to Pesth to appease the Hungarians, the next he calls her back to take her advice as to cabinet changes or the new loan. The situation is one of appalling earnestness for the Germans of Austria. They are hated by Tzechs, Poles, and Croats alike, allied to the Hungarians only by the weak bond of a common political necessity, cut off from their former reliance on Germany, and about to be made a common prey of the haughty, indolent, bigoted tribes to whom they have imparted whatever of civilization they possess. This is the condition of Austria to-day: she is ordered out of Germany and has to obey; her army is terribly

beaten and demoralized; her finances, always in a miserable condition, are worse than ever, and Prussia drains off the bullion; the Poles hold themselves proudly aloof to see what their despoiler will do in her extremity, the Tzechs are plotting vengeance on the Germans, the Ruthenians openly sympathize with Russia, the Magyars will have a constitution or rend the empire asunder, and the Croats seek nothing so much as to be permitted to unleash their hounds of war upon the Magyars.

A LEADER WITHOUT A PARTY.

It has been sufficiently humiliating to every American, having any sense and patriotism, to read the daily reiterations of Mr. Johnson's single speech, and to reflect that this coarse, egotistic, intemperate orator is the President of the United States. But there is some consolation in the thought that his elevation was in every respect accidental. He was nominated for Vice-President not on account of his personal qualifications, not because he was the kind of man that the electors wished for the place, but simply for the reason that he was the only man occupying a position of any prominence who was at once a Southerner, a Democrat up to 1861, and a loyalist in 1864; and that there was a wide-spread desire in the Union party to pay signal honor to some man who should combine these three characters. Mr. Lincoln was an old Whig and a Northern man, and it was appropriate that his associate on the ticket should be of opposite antecedents, so that together they might be fairly emblematic of their party. How unexpected was the elevation of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency, all men know.

This accidental President, moreover, was well known to be an uncouth and uneducated man. No one expected from him any graces of manner or polish of speech. But for his intolerable snobbishness, we could bear his rough speeches and undignified ways with more patience, although they go far beyond the license allowed even to a backwoodsman under the responsibility of office.

But there has been for some time past a more melancholy spectacle, and one for which indulgence can furnish no such excuses. William H. Seward is no accident, no backwoodsman, no village tailor, no uneducated man. He is a gentleman by birth and by training, and in private manners. He is a scholar of full academic qualifications. He is a man long versed in politics, with the highest presumptive claims to the name of statesman. He was for years the acknowledged and freely chosen leader of a great party, and only failed to become President because he was supposed to represent his party too faithfully to command the suffrages of certain doubtful states, holding the balance of power. The world is justified in holding such a man to be a fair example of American statesmanship, sagacity, and dignity.

Yet what has been the history of this eminent statesman for the last six years, and in what attitude does he stand to-day? After a series of speeches which, considering the state of public feeling in 1860, were violently radical, the first serious manifestation of warlike tendencies at the South cooled all Mr. Seward's zeal for liberty. Taking into view his close affiliation with Mr. Weed, and his subsequent course, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Weed's endorsement of the Crittenden "Compromise," as that scheme was ludicrously misnamed, was really a feeler put forward on behalf of his chief; and that Mr. Seward would have acceded to any scheme for the joint preservation of the Union and slavery to which he could have secured the assent of a considerable portion of his party. But if there is any doubt upon this point, which there certainly is not in our mind, there can be no doubt as to the miserable small talk, the absurd predictions, the vain affectation of cheerfulness, the untimely and insincere frivolity, of Mr. Seward's public speeches during the momentous winter of 1860-61. It is painful to look back to that time, and to think of a reputed statesman descending to such pitiful expedients to tide over difficulties.

The official career of Mr. Seward was early distinguished by two ugly incidents, neither of which has been fully cleared, or, we suspect, ever can be. His temporizing policy, if not positive duplicity, in dealing with the rebel commissioners, and his co-operation with James E. Harvey in betraying to the Charlestonians the destination of the relieving fleet, are facts which indicate the great tortuousness of his mind.

On the outbreak of the war, Mr. Seward devoted himself with un-

common energy to repelling all sympathy from abroad, and to demonstrating that no sympathy was in place. This he did in a strain pompous to absurdity and illogical to a degree almost incredible. He carefully instructed our envoys to reject all manifestations of sympathy upon grounds relating to the anti-slavery conflict. He threatened some nations before they had done an unfriendly act, and cringed before despotic governments whose instincts were all unfriendly. We have said that he refused all sympathy; but we mistake. One exception he did make; he appealed to Austria for favor, on the ground that she had always opposed insurrections! His demonstrations that the greatest civil war of centuries had neither cause, pretext, nor object, are such magnificent climaxes of absurdity that they deserve to be used in every school as models of their kind. The idea that millions of men would rush to arms without a pretext, or carry on war without an object, is only equalled in its madness by the assertion that a war thus inaugurated would end without any change in the aspect of affairs, or by the supposition that such arguments would have any influence upon hard-headed European statesmen. Mr. Seward ostentatiously proclaimed that this was a war without cause, object, or effect; he distinctly asserted that every soul in the revolted States would be just as well off if the rebellion succeeded as if it failed; he stated in a cloud of words the precise proposition which Earl Russell put in a brief and offensive sentence, "The North is fighting for empire; the South for independence."

Mr. Seward carried this style of diplomacy not only into his despatches, but into his personal intercourse with foreign ambassadors, and contrived to gain for himself and his country something very like the contempt of almost the entire diplomatic body at Washington. Mr. Russell's diary contained numerous illustrations of this fact, which is indeed too notorious to need evidence. But mortifying as are many of Mr. Russell's revelations, none of them were quite so humiliating to every true American as the odious scene described by Lord Lyons, in which Mr. Seward boasted of the power of his little bell to cast citizens of a republic into dungeons without the bell-ringer being called to account. Such power might be necessary, and its exercise might have been judicious, though we gravely doubt it; but to *boast* of it! It was as though a man should boast of putting his father into a lunatic asylum, or of having gained a divorce from his wife. It was like the hateful mirth of Ham, while Shem and Japhet walked backward to avoid seeing their father's shame.

We pass over a long period, though full of material for criticism, to come to Mr. Seward's course in the present conflict between Congress and the President. Who listened without pain to the solemn trifling, the melancholy frivolity, of the Cooper Institute speech last February? Who could read without shame the unspeakably silly telegram in which the gentleman and the statesman expressed his raptures over the monstrous buffoonery of the White House on the same day?

The speeches of Mr. Seward upon his present tour are even more deplorable than any of his former escapades. We do not comment upon the questions of policy involved. It is quite possible to advocate the power of the President to override Congress without making one blush to read the argument. Mr. Beecher has strung a chain of shining fallacies in support of the Presidential policy which at least serve to demonstrate this. But Mr. Seward has given us nothing but childish nonsense, mingled with doctrines utterly subversive of free government. In his speech at Niagara Falls he frankly avowed his determination to follow the leader of his party wherever he might go, and announced the new doctrine that though heaven and earth should pass away, the word of a President of the United States must not remain unfulfilled. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the speech, however, is that in which he taunts the Republican party with its want of a leader, and predicts that it will die next March for lack of one. Mr. Seward mistakes the nature of parties in a republic, and vastly over-estimates the importance of men like himself. He has been so accustomed to consider himself a leader of his party that he has come to think it dependent upon him, or some one like him, for existence. But we would remind him that the Republican party was formed without him, and won its first victories while he yet called himself a Whig. It had no leader when it carried

Ohio by 80,000 majority, Indiana by 15,000, and all the other Western States by corresponding majorities, securing the control of the House of Representatives. It had but the shadow of a leader when it swept fourteen States in 1856. It is made up of men who know their own minds, and who can find their way without holding to the skirts of any one else. It drove its leaders before it through the war, not waiting to be led by any man. Possibly it can live without a leader now.

The real grief of Mr. Seward's heart is that his party found out his hollowness during the war, and would have no more of his leadership. His nature and habits make him aspire to the position. He has no other vocation in life than to be a party leader, and now no party will have him. Distrusted by his old friends, he will never be taken to the bosom of his old enemies. His trouble is not that the party to which he once belonged is without a leader, but that he wanders about, like a restless ghost—a leader without a party.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 31, 1866.

THE new circus bids fair to be a great success; the troupe of animals which Franconi has got together with so much trouble being marvellously clever and human-like. Of the twelve monkeys, two are enormous apes of rather ferocious countenance, but wearing resplendent costumes, and performing astounding feats with the eight ponies, which they manage, with the aid of long reins, as deftly as the most accomplished human jockeys. The other ten are also of large size; the gentlemen are dressed as grooms, the ladies as "amazons"—i. e., they wear hats and riding-habits of the most orthodox elegance; and all of them perform the usual feats of circus-riders, besides reproducing various feats of Léotard and other leaders of the gymnastic world. The dogs play cards, answer questions, and imitate the doings of the apes. The pretty goat dances, drinks wine from a goblet, and moves with perfect self-possession on the tight-rope; all of which throws their intelligent Parisian admirers into raptures. But the benevolent mind can hardly avoid, despite the usual asseverations of the teachers of "learned animals," uncomfortable misgivings on the score of the discipline that produces results so far, it would seem, beyond the intelligence of the animal world. Mademoiselle Vaudenbeck asserts that she has never employed any other than gentle means in the training of her scores of intelligent and obedient canaries; and those who know her appear to believe her assertion. Hudson, the trainer of the wonderful dogs and small monkeys that performed together such astonishing feats a few years ago, throwing Paris into a fever-fit of admiration, also declared that he had never beaten or caused distress to the animals he trained with such admirable skill; that he employed only coaxing and rewards, and that the severest measure he ever resorted to in the course of their training was to deprive them of some little dainty which was reserved as the reward of obedience. The great affection testified by the birds to their "instructress" and by the animals to Mr. Hudson would seem to prove the truth of their assertions. But it is certain that many trainers only accomplish the results which the public so much admire by methods which cause acute suffering to their four-footed pupils. The horses which show so much intelligence and address in the evolutions of the circus, for example, are frequently tortured within an inch of very life by being kept day after day in perfect darkness, and entirely deprived of sleep—a *régime* which is said to make them so wretched that they lose their appetite, refuse to touch their food, and become reduced in a few days to skin and bone, but under the action of which their intelligence becomes developed to a marvellous degree. A writer in one of the popular journals here, *apropos* of the surprising feats of the animals now performing at Franconi's new establishment, has given the public the benefit of his researches into the matter, and tells to a listening world how the feat of playing on a barrel-organ (one of the feats of the eight ponies aforesaid) was taught to a horse belonging to a trainer with whom he happened to be acquainted.

It seems that the horse in question had already, under the lessons of his master, developed an unusual degree of intelligence, his eyes in particular becoming so full of expression that one could hardly doubt that he understood very much of what was said to him. But his leanness was such that he had become a mere skeleton. His master had great hopes of him; he had been in training only a year, and he had already learned to lie down and get up as ordered, to enact the dead horse, to fire a pistol, and to give whichever of his four hoofs was asked for. At length the professor began the task of teaching this promising pupil to turn a barrel-organ; but either

this particular species of exercise was repugnant to his tastes or the sound of the organ was disagreeable to his ears. Certain it was that the animal, usually so docile, was resolute in his refusal to touch the handle of the barrel-organ. His preceptor had labored the point for a month without being able to vanquish the repugnance of the horse for the object so constantly presented to his attention. Coaxings, caresses, and the whip were employed in turn, and equally without success. On these occasions the horse's eyes expressed as clearly as though he had spoken it in so many words the absolute determination *not* to touch the handle of the organ.

The trainer, though naturally of a violent temper, was always patient and gentle with his equine pupil. Whenever he felt that the obstinacy of the horse was on the point of getting the better of his apparent calmness, he would leave the stable to give vent to his irritation out of the sight or hearing of the animal. To those who prophesied that the horse would never turn the handle of the organ he replied, "He shall turn it or die."

At length, perceiving that he made no progress in the work of vanquishing the animal's obstinacy, he caused the windows of the stable to be stuffed with hay and then boarded over, so that not a ray of light was visible, and a couple of men, hired for the purpose, beat a drum incessantly beside the animal's stall, relieving one another at stated intervals. The struggle was continued for four days and nights, during which the professor returned to the charge once every hour, presenting the handle of the organ to his refractory pupil, renewing his command to the latter to take hold of it. The neighborhood was beginning to threaten the trainer with a summons before the police-court to answer to the charge of disturbing its slumbers with the perpetual beating of the horrible drum, when the unfortunate horse, comprehending at last that there was no other chance of deliverance left to him, suddenly seized the handle of the organ with his teeth and turned with all the little strength that was left to him. Daylight was at once restored to the stable, the drummers were dismissed, all possible caresses and the finest oats were lavished on the now docile scholar, who never forgot the terrible lessons of his four days' struggle, but, whatever may have been the sentiments with which he regarded the operation, never failed vigorously to turn the handle of the barrel-organ whenever the word of command was given.

One would be glad to know that the results of the training of animals, of which the exhibition now going on at the new circus affords so striking a sample, have not been obtained at the cost of suffering to them; but, really, on seeing the marvellous docility and the apparent intelligence of the performers, so cleverly directed by Franconi, one cannot help speculating on the much greater services which the animal creation might be made to render to man if subjected to a suitable course of education. The monkeys, especially, with their quickness and activity, and the pleasure they seem to take in showing off and being applauded, would seem to be capable of being trained to relieve the human laborer of much of the work that now falls to his lot; and the rapid deterioration of domestic servants in our days, especially in this region, where the complaint is well-nigh universal, and housekeepers are worried out of all peace by the unfaithfulness, dishonesty, and "airs" of their domestics, would almost make one long to be able to exchange the aid of ordinary servants, unwilling, untrained, or ill-trained, for that of a merry, active, well-taught ape!

Whether such a substitution will ever be possible or not, it is certain that the unsatisfactory quality of the general run of the servants is becoming the bane of domestic life in this city. They are untidy, disorderly, deceitful, and generally corrupt to a degree that can only be fully appreciated by those who have undergone the trial of "keeping house" in this brilliant capital. They not only do as much gossiping and visiting as they can contrive to accomplish, with the aid of the servants of all the other tenants of the house, but they break, burn, tear, and destroy whatever they put their hands on. However dishonest, they seldom steal anything but money, their code on this point, as on that of lying, being strictly defined by their ideas of utility and convenience. Money can rarely be identified; consequently they take money, as a rule, whenever they can. Clothes, jewels, articles of furniture, and other objects of everyday use, are speedily missed and easily identified, consequently these are rarely taken by French servants. Such jewels as the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, offering an amount of gain, if successfully carried off, that might have set up the thief for the rest of his days in the vague regions of "America" or "Australia," constitute a temptation apart; but even the robberies of jewels, of which the duke has been twice the victim, have been perpetrated not by regular servants, but by professional thieves, who have assumed the part of valets for the purpose of getting into the old duke's house, and about his person, with a view to entering the diamond-closet on the first opportunity. But if

French servants seldom steal the household property of their employers, they rob them of large sums in the course of each year by making an overcharge on the cost of everything bought by them for their employers, or by levying black mail on all the trades-people, whose tariffs are necessarily regulated with distinct reference to this custom. No matter how ingenious the precautions adopted by the housekeeper, the least skilful servant will, as a rule, double his or her wages by these overcharges in the course of the year—the most skilful contrive to gain five or six times the amount of their wages, or even more. And while the quality of domestic "service," so-called, is constantly deteriorating, and its cost increasing, the manners of those on whom the comfort of "home" so greatly depends, but whose interests, as they understand them, are diametrically opposed to those of their employers, are deteriorating from year to year. The women-servants have long annoyed their mistresses by their close imitation in the kitchen of the fashions that prevail in the drawing-room; but the men-servants, nearly all of whom wear livery, now usually possess a suit of plain clothes, cut as nearly as possible like those of their masters, which they put on when they go out for their own pleasure. Among the other pretensions coming into vogue with the men-servants of this capital appears to be that of calling out their masters, should the latter incur their displeasure, as shown by the recent adventure of a well-known member of the "aristocratic Faubourg," the Marquis of T—. That gentleman one day ventured to remonstrate with his valet on the careless way in which he brushed, or, rather, did not brush, his clothes. The valet made an insolent reply, and the marquis, partly in anger, partly in joke, retorted by saying, "Hold your tongue, Jean; you know very well that you are about as serviceable a valet as a pig would be."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, taking off his apron, "your manners are becoming such as I cannot put up with."

"What do you mean, fellow," said the marquis, "by talking in this style?"

"Fellow!" cried the valet, planting himself angrily before his master; "that, again, is a word which I neither can nor ought to tolerate. From this moment I quit the service of Monsieur le Marquis. To-morrow morning Monsieur le Marquis will receive a visit from two of my friends, who will demand of Monsieur le Marquis an explanation of the words he has just pronounced."

Having thus vindicated his offended dignity, Monsieur Jean quitted the room and the house; but so fully was he bent on his idea of fighting a duel with the marquis that it was not until he had been threatened with a reference of his pretensions to the nearest police-office that Monsieur Jean was brought to renounce his determination to send a challenge to his ex-master.

Lablache, whose easy temper exposed him to much dishonesty on the part of his servants, had, on one of his last appearances in this city, an adventure with one of them which has not yet been forgotten by the *habitués* of the Italian Opera, of whom he was the idol. The great singer had a valet who robbed him constantly, but so cleverly that he could never contrive to bring the proofs of his thieving home to him. One day, however, he caught the servant in the act of purloining various articles, and dismissed him on the spot. As the artist finished counting down the amount of the man's wages, the rascal took up the last piece of five francs which his master had laid on the table, and, holding it up, said to Lablache, with an insolent smile, "This coin will serve me to hiss you with to-night, my fine sir!"

That evening, when Lablache, as *Geronimo*, in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," was holding the public entranced and breathless, a violent hissing suddenly broke the stillness of the house. Great was the emotion produced by this absurd interruption of the glorious and popular artist in that most aristocratic of Parisian theatres, where the high-bred auditors never condescend under any circumstances to express their disapprobation by any sign more "violent" than a frigid silence. Yet, on that occasion, excited by this insolent expression of malignity or ignorance, half the audience rose from their seats, and a regular search was being instituted for the guilty party, when Lablache, coming forward with the humorous twinkle of his eyes, quietly remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen! pray do not be disturbed at an incident which is of no sort of importance. The hiss came from a domestic whom I this morning dismissed from my service." The revulsion of feeling created by this explanation found vent in fits of laughter such as certainly were never witnessed among that polished auditory before or since. The malicious servant "hid his diminished head" as well as he could, and sneaked out of the house during the temporary confusion he had caused; while Lablache, greeted, as soon as the laughter had subsided, with enthusiastic applause, resumed his song to his own satisfaction and that of his admirers. The horizon of humbler life is no less subject to the domestic clouds here mentioned. A lady who, last Christmas eve, had been busily

helping to deck with evergreens the church she is in the habit of attending, picked up, when the dressing of the edifice was completed, an armful of the smaller boughs that had been thrown aside during the operation, and took them home with her to put up about the walls of her parlor. The house-maid, coming into the parlor just as her mistress had deposited the bits of evergreen on a table, proceeded forthwith to sweep them off into her apron, exclaiming angrily against "such rubbish" being allowed to litter the parlor.

"Pray do not touch these boughs, Lucille," said the lady. "I am going to ornament the parlor; and very pretty it will be," she added, being a young mother, and thinking how delighted her children would be on seeing the room so gayly ornamented.

"Little things please little minds!" returned Mademoiselle Lucille, with an accent of supreme contempt, as she reluctantly replaced the boughs on the table and swept angrily out of the room with her nose in the air.

As an appropriate winding up of a *causerie* in which animals—and human beings not always very far above them—have borne so large a place, let me mention that Madame Blanc, who has hitherto driven her goats herself, on foot, to the houses of her customers, has now added to their number, and sends them, morning and evening, in a handsome one-horse cart, ornamented with little flags, under the care of a "young man," all about the town. The goats, with pink and blue ribbons round their necks and numbering about a dozen, are tied securely in their places, standing two deep, head to tail, and sideways to the two sides of the cart, so that they can be conveniently milked by their attendant, as they stand, into the cans of the white-capped *bonnes*, who are on the watch for his equipage, and with whom he seems to be rather a favorite. From which indications it may be inferred that the demand for goat's milk is on the increase in this city.

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSAL.

As yet, Elias Howe and Grover & Baker and Wheeler & Wilson and Singer have not succeeded by their benignant inventions in making obsolete the doleful "Song of the Shirt." The seamstress may still sing that bread is too dear and flesh and blood is lamentably cheap, and may well doubt if it is by way of the Patent Office that the millennium is to come. So, without doubt, to hope that any man or many men for many a year to come can remove the traditional horrors of Washing Day is to hope too much. It will be a long time before we can expect them to reduce the sum of human misery by one whole seventh, to make home happy for husbands, to remove from the homes of Christendom the cynic tub, to bring it to pass that woman, in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, shall at least cease, and cease for evermore, from being the household fiend of Monday mornings, the inaccessible, haggard genius of hot water, the sloppy purveyor of picked-up dinners and of breakfasts that anticipate the day. Yet it must be that some more or less successful attempt will, before very long, be made to ameliorate all this, if not do away with it. At present we here in America are perhaps, of all people in the world, worst off in this particular. We do not speak now of barbarian tribes who have next to nothing to wash, and never wash it. The necessary evils of the civilized state such nations escape by shirking its duties and foregoing its blessings—and, after all, it is an open question if their condition is not in many respects inferior to our own. But England, France, and Germany are equally with us civilized countries, and they have contrived this matter far better than we. Even in the South it is impossible to deny that they managed to get their washing done in a way the experience of which would have turned half our New England women into lukewarm friends of abolition. Luckily they were led out of that temptation. But, of course, under a system which gave the power of life and death to the mistress, and in a climate that made it possible to perform many household labors in the open air, washing could be done with little wear and tear of temper, and Blue Monday lost its sting. And think of a country where it is possible—not a universally prevalent custom, we admit, but possible and not unheard of—for the mistress of the house to have her year's washing done, as we do "spring cleaning," all in a few days of a single month in the year! This, however, the German housewife may do. All the dirty linen is stowed away, some of it, of course, for eleven months, together in a room set apart for that use. In Germany women still weave, and their pride is still in countless pieces of clean linen, pure and white. When summer comes, this accumulated mass is washed at once—an acute attack of cleanliness, severe, indeed, while it lasts, but infinitely better than our chronic intermittents. This system is partially adopted even in families not wealthy. The heavier articles, as table-cloths and sheets, are reserved for summer washing and bleaching, while the smaller, of which a

much greater number is requisite, are washed weekly by a servant whose business is to wash and scrub. No one supposes that American heads of families would ever so far decline from the first principles of political economy as to look with any favor upon the practice of locking up capital in linen after the manner above described. It is a custom which must be left to countries where the rate of interest is not much over three per cent. per annum.

And with the high price of labor in this country, we perhaps can hardly expect that our itinerant washerwoman can be brought to the English and French standard of remuneration. It may, perhaps, be necessary for us to pay a dollar and a dollar and a quarter a dozen for the washing of all garments indiscriminately, and to descend to paper collars and cuffs. This, to be sure, we need not concede, for in New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and probably in Boston and other large cities, there is an estimable class of German laundresses, who have not become heady, high-minded, and forgotten their former days, and whose charges are not wholly unconscionable. Employing these people, you get your clothes washed for something like seventy-five cents a dozen, paying for garments according to their size and the labor expended on them. And in the Northern, or at any rate in the North-Eastern States, it is not difficult to hire by the day a woman who will come in on Monday morning, and, by dint of close watching on the part of her employer, and some abuse, and largesses of cold victuals and old clothes, to say nothing of occasional bailings-out of her husband from the station-house, will somehow get through a week's washing. This system is the one pursued by most families who keep no servant, or who keep but one. Where two servants are kept, the washing expenses are, perhaps, slightly diminished, for the cook is expected to perform that labor, in addition to the work peculiarly her own; but the thousand irritating inconveniences which make washing-day a day of fear remain pretty much the same. But we willingly make all sorts of concessions to the most inflamed enemy of the system now in vogue here. Grant that the washing-bills of our boarding-house population and of the majority of our householders were even more extravagantly large than they are now, and that the whole business was even more troublesome and wearisome and exasperating than it is at present, we believe that the remedy is comparatively easy, and can only wonder that somebody has not hit on it before. The germ and embryo of it has long existed. For instance, in England Mrs. Mantilini had a mangle and took in washing. In every little town in England there are bake-shops where one can send his dinner to be cooked, marking the dish that contains it with his private mark, and paying a small sum to the baker. In New England, for that matter, at our own doors, on a Saturday night, you may see from all parts of every village a procession of what are called bean-pots, some in baskets, some in the arms of small boys, and all to be marked with chalk and to be called for, after a night spent in the brick oven, on Sunday morning. These beans, by the way, are the chief ingredient in the New England picked-up dinner, and being so inseparably associated with washing-day, one would suppose that generations ago they must infallibly have suggested to the shrewd man of Connecticut as he ate them on Sunday the true plan to be adopted in regard to the evils of the morrow.

We already have wringing machines, sprinkling machines, washing machines; any dye-house has drying machines, every hardware shop has patent flat-irons. We suppose there are machines for starching and ironing; and there can be no doubt that the inventive abilities of our countrymen, when once their attention is fairly turned to the subject, can produce the fit instrument for performing, with neatness, cheapness, and despatch, any conceivable process of washing, bleaching, starching, ironing, or what not. The mangle of Mantilini we can improve upon an hundred and a thousandfold, and to the whirl and clatter of our wheels and cylinders that are to be his "demonition" horrid grind will be as the first tender violet to the whole merry month of May. Also, we already have the system of private marks on each piece of our personal property entrusted to the public servant. And our fathers before us, and our grandfathers before them, and foreign nations now for many centuries, have known well enough that when the village baker can get the village baking to do, he can do it better than the village can, while as for cheapness no comparison is possible for a moment. It is simply in these three things that, not half concealed, the whole of the new scheme lies. We are to have in each town of seventeen hundred inhabitants a laundry, which shall be well appointed with labor-saving machines, which shall receive the family-washing of every mistress of a house who values peace and careless ease and the dear love of husband and children, and bosoms and wristbands really done up as they should be, and which, finally, doing a vast deal of work and being content to make but a trifling profit on each small parcel of it, shall do each man's washing exceedingly

cheap, and shall do so much of it that to the fortunate and far-sighted washer much wealth shall certainly accrue.

As we have said, we can only wonder that this plan is not now in the full tide of successful operation. Probably more than twenty-five thousand extremely sharp women in the older settled parts of the Union are attenuating their souls and bodies in the slavish work of "keeping a boarding-house." It is needless to say anything about them. Everybody knows the genus, with its several species, and everybody must, on the whole, pity while he hates. From the ranks of this class it seems charitable to hope and reasonable to suppose that there might be recruited four or five thousand new-school laundresses, possessed of the requisite capital, and fully capable of the general oversight of such machines, workmen, workwomen, and horse-power as might be necessary for doing the washing of a large town.

It may be objected that the class of people just mentioned have cunning, but no sagacity—the instinct and the habit of cheating, but no real capacity for business on any large scale. We were only willing, if possible, to throw into their hands, if they should be found capable, an easy way of securing a competence, and, indeed, of growing rich, while at the same time atoning for past misdeeds. If, however, men are better adapted for the work—if the scheme is surer of success under masculine management—let men take hold of it. As the newspapers say, "it is an eligible opening for a young man with a small capital and good business habits;" and if we should say it is an opportunity for such a young man to prove himself a benefactor to both sexes, not a man, and we think no woman, would say, No!

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The usual Preliminary Autumnal Session will commence on Wednesday, September 12, 1866, and continue four weeks. Instructions during this term will, as hitherto, consist of Didactic Lectures on special subjects, and daily Clinical Lectures. The Lectures in this term are given exclusively by Members of the Faculties. The regular Winter Session will commence on Wednesday, October 10, 1866, and end about the 1st of March, 1867.

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